

THINGS ONE THINKS at a COUNCIL MEETING

By Hal Garrott

LUMBER YARD PLAYS
PUSSY WANTS A CORNER

A petition asking for a change in increase of space for his various operations had been sent the council by a building material man. Then began a merry game of "pussy wants a corner," in which lumber yards were "it," and remained it to the end. Never once was puss in danger of finding a corner. It was evident that councilmen and public were in perfect accord regarding industries for Carmel. They don't want them.

"Nobody loves a lumber yard," called a deep voice from the back row. Alas, it seemed but too true.

"Put it at Junipero and Fourth," suggested an artist.

A trembling figure arose. "Why—why wish the lumber yard off in me?" spoke up the owner of lots down the street. "Some of you other fellows take it—"

But as nobody could be persuaded to accept the sawdust kitty for a neighbor, they decided to leave it where it was for the present, and discuss the question in general.

"Put it out in the open way from trees and houses," suggested a writer.

"And advertise an eye-sore to everyone who comes to Carmel?" snorted an artist.

"Then hide it in among the trees."

"Yes, that's a fine idea!" cried a volunteer fireman, scornfully.

"Think of the fire hazard!"

"Anchor it out in the bay," suggested a sailor. "That would do away with the fire hazard—"

"Yes," said a former beach combber, now a prominent architect, "and when the first storm drives it ashore we'd have a lumber yard strewn all along our beautiful beach—"

"Aw, dig a deep hole and have an underground lumber yard," remarked a mushroom grower.

"Or send it over the hill to Monterey," said a Monterey booster.

"We like lumber yards—"

"But wouldn't that make lumber high, hauling it to the top of that hill?" asked a builder, in a kind voice.

"Let us turn it over to the planning commission," said His Honor, seeing there were other matters to consider. "They can turn it over in their minds and turn it back to us, and then we can turn it over again—"

MAXIM SILENCERS

FOR BUZZ SAWS

"Visitors who drive all night and reach Carmel in the morning are not too delighted with M. J. Murphy's buzz saw and power hammer, or whatever it is," said His Honor at the council meeting. "If you lived near the place you'd know how they suffer. Such things as that in a distinctive residence city will keep people from coming here, because they come here on purpose to void just such things."

It was rather a long speech, but a good one and one that brought enthusiastic applause.

"Your Honor," spoke up a long-haired mechanic, "why not equip the planing mill with Maxim Silencers. Then you can obtain just the degree of plus or minus silence you want—"

"I rise to a point of order," interrupted a councilman. "We didn't come here to be silenced, but to discuss everything in Carmel—"

"Your point is well taken," ruled His Honor, and silence was laid on the table.

VIOLET RAYS AND

RADIO BUGS

It seems there's a violet ray that makes radio fans see red when they hear it and paint the atmosphere blue with remonstrances. Mae Harris Anson made a speech on the subject. Everyone agreed with her and the council promised "to look into the matter."

Miss Anson reminded them that they had already been looking into it for two years, and the mayor as-

sured her that this time they really intended to look, and look real hard.

It seems some Carmel expert operates X ray and violet ray machines, which could be rendered harmless to radio at slight expense, but

which never have been.

"Now don't put this in the paper," cautioned Miss Anson, shaking a finger at the reporter for the Pine Cone, "but ships at sea are annoyed by Carmel's violet rays. It makes their compass needles spin so

fast they can't pick up the magnetic corrections from Pacific Grove lighthouse. And to get even with our expert, sometimes they shoot a few violet rays at us. And when they're all shootin' rays at once, then's when I run. Why, the lan-

guage and noises that come over by radio are something awful. Certainly such words are unfit for a lady's ears."

It is planned to pass a special ordinance curbing Carmel's strenuous expert. Just think what a distinction to have a whole ordinance passed just for one man! It'll sure make him famous all over the country when the newspapers hear about it.

A Dude Ranch For Boys

Fourteen miles up the valley, on a ranch which faces the mountains with the Carmel river cutting through it, as a "Dude Ranch" for boys. Summers, after the regular schools are closed, this combination of what boys love, and what their parents think is good for them, opens its nine-week season, and Mr. and Mrs. K. Mathiot become the temporary parents of a score or more of lads.

Cow-punchers, every one of them—and each with his own bronc to

stride—and look after—during the entire time of his stay. Each with a pair of chaps, spurs, flaming neckerchief and wide-brimmed Stetson, just as you see 'em in the movies. Do they have the time of their young lives? Ask any one of the boys who were there last summer. Do they get tanned and hard of muscle? Look at 'em when they finish the season.

Camping out after long days on horseback through the hills; a fire burning to keep off wildcats or the prowling mountain lion; a couple

of blankets rolled around one, for the nights are chill in the mountains; and the sort of sleep that adds strength and vitality to one's make-up.

With enough schooling, enough discipline, enough maternal care, enough good food and hot baths so that the youngster's mamma and papa need have no worry. That's the Rancho Carmelo, a few miles below the San Clemente dam, up the river. It is one of the attractions of the county, and is really a part of Carmel.

DR. ARONOVICI TALKS
OF CITY PLANNING

At a well attended luncheon at the Old Cabin Inn last Friday afternoon, Dr. Carol Aronovici spoke on "Modern Tendencies in City Planning." It was a very witty as well as informative talk, and Dr. Aronovici frequently elicited from his hearers peals of appreciative mirth.

Dr. Aronovici, who is the editor of "The Community Builder," and is well known throughout the state as a city planner, characterized city planning as "The gentle art of making enemies!" He said that the real problem of the city planner is to find out what not to do in communities, and added that city planning is an art of which we know very little.

He said that there are practically no city plans in this state, and he included his own, which are really working successfully. He said that Cleveland, Ohio, and New York City were two of the more successful examples of a city plan, and that Chicago was the only city in the United States where community interest had really succeeded in laying out and causing to function a city plan. According to Dr. Aronovici, it takes about four years and would cost about twenty-five thousand dollars to make a plan for any community of about ten thousand population.

Dr. Aronovici stated that city planning was really too narrow a field, and that Regional Planning, the consideration of a community in relation to its surrounding territory, was the most logical form for the work to take, that city planning, per se, can never be adequate because a city cannot be isolated.

According to Dr. Aronovici, the new school of city planning is not concerned so much with the purely physical aspect of arranging a city, but with the arrangement necessary for happy living on the part of a large number of people.

Taking up the matter of zoning, Dr. Aronovici said that he considered it the last matter to be considered in planning a city, that writing a zoning ordinance was a simple matter, but to put the same over in the public mind was quite another. He added that there was no use in zoning unless the community understands its problem intelligently.

As for so-called improvements, he said that it is one thing to improve a city, and another to add improvements. The first may be done cheaply and add vastly to the city, whereas the other always costs money, and it may not be money well expended. Taking up the matter of boulevards, Dr. Aronovici stated amid laughter that a boulevard was merely made out of a narrow street which suffered from suppressed desires to be wide, and that the placing of a boulevard in the wrong locality in a town could completely ruin the town.

Dr. Aronovici closed his talk with the statement that if we ever came to the time when a community, instead of calling in a city planner and saying to him, "Come on, lay us out!" said, "Let's sit down together and really plan this thing"—then we would have real community planning.

There was much discussion following the talk, and many expressions of interest and agreement were heard.

INACCURACIES OF STATEMENT REGARDING LIBRARY AFFAIRS

By George L. Wood
City Councilman

In the editorial columns of the "Carmelite" of January 16th appear two articles concerning the Harrison Memorial Library. In both, statements are made which are not borne out by the facts.

In the first article, headed "A Rejoinder," and signed "E. F. L.," it is stated that a tax of 15c on a \$100.00 was levied in 1927 and the reader is led to infer that the proceeds were to be expended in that year. The most casual inquiries made of the assessor or the tax collector would have brought out the fact that this money was to pay the expenses of the library for the year 1928. Just as the tax levied and collected in 1928 is to support the library for the year 1929.

The total library tax assessed in 1927 amounted to \$4514.26. It is true that the new library did not open its doors until late in the spring of 1928 but much labor was necessary before that and the librarian and assistant were busy from February 1st, sorting, arranging and packing up the old books preparatory to the moving.

The total library tax assessed in 1928 amounted to \$9418.67. Only \$8956.00 of this had been paid up to January 1st of this year, the balance being delinquent. At the proper time, probably at the close of this year, the present library board will undoubtedly give out a

statement showing how the money was expended, which I am sure will answer all the "whys."

This same article states: "The old library would willingly have continued service to her patrons through 1927 had she not received a written announcement during the fall of 1927 that the new public library was ready to operate." The only body that could have given any such assurance were the trustees of the Harrison Memorial Library fund who were in charge of building the library and I can state positively that no such "written announcement" was given by that body.

In the next article, headed "Carmel, Won't Play Horse," this year's tax is three times referred to as being \$10,000.00. It is not \$10,000.00 as shown above. Why then try to make it appear so?

On the same page of this issue of the "Carmelite," under the head of correspondence is an article headed "What Price Free!" signed H. C. L. In it is the statement that our neighbor (meaning Monterey) gets along with an appropriation of \$7,000.00 whereas "the Carmel library receives twice that amount." There was allowed in the Monterey budget \$8938.00 for library purposes; Carmel appropriation for the same purpose was \$9418.67, which is certainly not twice the amount of Monterey's.

It is strange how often trifling

inaccuracies slip into these statements—providing of course they are favorable to the point the writer wishes to make.

ADDS VOTE FOR REMOVAL OF BATH HOUSE—AND MORE

By E. G. Schmiedell

In a recent issue of your paper I read an editorial in reference to the Municipal Bath House.

Although not a resident of Carmel as yet, I am a property holder and desire to add my vote for the removal of the bath house as I can see no reason for Carmel to be or become a "Coney Island."

While on the subject of removing objectionable features, why not once and for all clean up the rubbish piles (burned and half-burned), tin cans, refuse and other debris not alone at the sides of the public streets, but also on vacant lots and in many front and back yards.

I can understand the desire of Carmel residents to retain and put up with their so-called streets and roads and other primitive facilities, but how they can be content to live surrounded with odor and fly breeding filth is beyond me.

QUITE AN ATTRACTION

It is estimated that seventeen hundred visitors to the Tec-Art Moving Picture lot on Pt. Lobos passed through the Lobos gate last Sunday. This is not counting the three hundred extras already on the job hours before the Sunday sightseers began arriving. With the shouts of directors sounding like ballyhoosers and canvas of numerous tents flapping in the breeze, galloping horseback riders, stray lunch boxes, there was much the appearance of a gigantic circus layout. Only the smell of sawdust in a menagerie tent and a callope were missing to make the illusion complete. As we passed the wardrobe tent, the village wit called out: "Pass right in and have a good time but don't let the lions play with your shoe laces!"

CARMEL POSTOFFICE GAINS 60 PER CENT IN BOXES

"Did postal receipts show a gain this year?" asked a Pine Cone reporter of Miss Stella L. Vincent, postmistress.

Miss Vincent smiled. "There never has been a time when we haven't shown an increase," replied the young woman. "But this year we ran ahead of Pacific Grove for the first time, and there is every indication that we will not only hold, but increase our lead."

"May I ask how much mail this office handles?"

"In one week 158,000 pieces of first class passed out through Carmel postoffice. Considering we have a force of five, this means handling 30,000 pieces for each one of us, besides attending to incoming mail, which is heavy in proportion."

"Tell me about box rentals, please."

"Ordinarily we allow for an increase of fifty per year, that is the way it ran in previous years. When the rural free delivery was installed we expected to lose, not gain in number of box renters. The rural delivery is a success and growing, and here is the astonishing thing. Instead of falling off, box rentals increased not fifty as usual, but three hundred!"

"How does summer business compare with winter?" I asked.

"This quarter our receipts ran \$7000 as compared with \$6000 in the summer season—"

"But I thought Carmel was a summer town," I gasped.

Miss Vincent smiled. "I've heard that tale myself," she answered. "Carmel sends out an unusual amount of first class mail," she went on. "Our citizens are tre-

mendous letter writers, and then we have our authors—"

"What about them?" I asked.

"It costs money to send manuscripts first class, and as they come back, too, the postoffice collects going and coming."

"Do they all come back?" I asked in amazement.

"Oh, no! Not all of them. Every once in a while one sticks."

"Is our village 2000 as they say?" I asked.

Miss Vincent looked shocked. "I should say 5000 would be conservative. That's counting three people for each water meter. But of course it includes Carmel Point, Highlands and the territory between."

"And your personelle?" I asked.

"We have Mrs. Grace Wickham, Miss Helen W. Parks, Arthur J. Scott, Raymond O. Brown, Maurice Stoney. Our increase of twelve per cent for the year entitles us to three-quarters of an extra clerk. Before employing anyone we are waiting till we have earned the other quarter. For we want all four quarters of the new man when he comes."

A HOME FOR OLD HOUSES

Old time Carmelites will be thankful that the Sydney J. Yard home, which until recently constituted one of the buildings of the Lincoln Inn, is not to be torn down to make way for the new structure.

The Yard home, rich in the traditions of Early Carmel, in a new dress and on a new location, will continue to stir fond memories in the hearts of first citizens who are still with us. For years this house was the center of a rare social life that has utterly passed, and few are left to tell the tale.

Twenty years ago the hospitable portals of the Card home were thrown open to the choice spirits who then comprised the village family. The host was an important landscape artist in oils and water colors. Mrs. Yard was an elocutionist of exceptional quality. It

is not surprising that this delightful couple, like a magnet, drew the social life of Carmel to their door. Many a play received its first reading in the living room of the old house, afterwards to be produced at home and abroad. Members of the Forest Theater crowded around the elocutionist, whose sympathetic reading gave the play all the merit it deserved—and more.

As long as life lasts the memory of Mrs. Yard's readings will remain in the hearts of Carmelites, softened by the passage of years. What a home it was in its youth, the old building now tottering to its last resting place with the aid of house-movers! A home no charmer inhabits. A home no charter inhabitant a sign for the days that are gone never to return, and a smile at the thought of the joy that one radiated within those walls!

Mrs. J. D. Medkoff of Berkeley and her son are spending two weeks at Lincoln Inn.

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STUDEBAKER LETTERS

Dear Amy:

Everybody is asking Barny Segal if he is going in the automobile business this week. Barny just smiles and seems kinda proud about it. Reason is the reception the new Studebakers got on the little lot in front of Barny and Louie Jones real estate office. We don't know whether Barny was just glad to have so many more people find out where he does business or whether he really was proud of the Studebakers. Our boss says it was mighty nice of Barny and Louie to let us use their lot and give so many people a chance to see the new Studebakers.

Oh yes, Amy. Saturday we are going to show the new President Eight there all day. So many people have been waiting for it. I been doing a fine job keeping them cars cleaned up for the show. That the boss might see a little bonis for me due to all the good business he is having. That would help along with our little cottage by the sea.

Well Amy, I got to shine up the Used cars now. We got some good ones this week. For instance, a Erskine cabriolet that has only gone 800 miles. Lady decided she wanted a Studebaker and now we will pass her Erskine on to someone at a tremendous discount. No foolin'.

Very truly
Stude Baker

STUDEBAKER SALES
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MERLE'S TREASURE CHEST

20% discount on glassware, easel photo frames and writing paper.

10% discount on all other wares for the balance of January.

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Carmel-by-the-Sea

Thanking the people of Carmel—Yes, of all the Peninsula—for their kind patronage and generous support,

Lincoln Inn

announces that it will be

CLOSED

until its wonderful new building at the same location is completed.

ABOUT JULY FIRST

The Management of Lincoln Inn.

NEWSY BITS of the HAPPENINGS in this VILLAGE of OURS

Lenten Services 1929

ALL SAINTS, CARMEL

Ash Wednesday, February 13th

Holy Communion. 8 a. m.
Morning Prayer, Litany and Sermon. 10 a. m.
Evening Prayer and Address. 4 p. m.

Sundays

Holy Communion. 8 a. m.
Morning Prayer, Litany alternately. 11 a. m.
Holy Communion. First and Third Sundays. 11 a. m.

Weekdays

Morning Prayer. Wednesdays and Thursdays. 8 a. m.
Evening Prayer and Address. Tuesdays and Fridays. 4 p. m.

Holy Week

Additional to other week-day services,
Thursday. Preparation Service. 8 p. m.
GOOD FRIDAY. Three-hour service. 12 to 3 p. m.
Easter Day, March 31st

A BUSHEL OF CHAFF

By HAL GARROTT

Half of Carmel is out on Point Lobos receiving five dollars a day as supers in *Evangeline*. The movie producers are the softest proposition that has come to the village

in years, and local fans are taking full advantage of it.

A visit to Pine Inn on a rainy day suggests that our poets and painters have come out of their hibernation a month earlier than usual, to bask in Brother Jordan's easy chairs. But this is not the case. The loungers are Fox movie stars enjoying an enforced half holiday on account of cloudy weather. Edwin Carewe, if he but knew it, could save the expense of costumes and professional salaries by poking about in Carmel's "art colony." He might pick up any kind of human material desired, from whiskers to smocks and long hair. "And as for acting, I would gamble on our locals to uphold the traditions of the village by being at least unusual and different!"

Some folks are hard to please. A movie professional with flowing beard, hair and mantel breezed into the First Edition Book Shop and asked Miss Clara Dillon-Baker if the shop contained a lending library. His next remark, and above all his eyes, informed the young woman that he sought something more personal than libraries. Not dead books, but live company he desired.

"Why don't you join the movies?" he asked.

Wondering who would tend shop in her absence, Miss Baker shook her head.

"What's the matter, Kid. Won't your husband let you?"

"Husband!" sniffed the young lady. "Where do you get them things?"

"Why, in the movies, of course."

"No thanks," replied Miss Baker with dignity. "No Reno for mine. I'd rather sell books."

Preconceived ideas are mostly incorrect, just as passing judgment on matters in which we have had no first hand experience is risky. It is the fashion among high-brows to look down on the movies from a lofty perch, passing sentence on them with a glibness that takes away the breath of anyone who considers them with an open mind. We are told that this is "unspeakable," or that "too terrible for words." Many go and enjoy, but come away with condemnation on their tongues—for fear someone will think they liked the picture and assume their taste is at fault. All of which of course is hypocritical cowardice.

The movies have had a lot of prejudice on the part of so-called intellectuals to live down. Had it not been for the more generous public, they could hardly have survived. No doubt much of the opposition has been good for them, for there has been and always will be room for improvement. But some of the art films of today are marvels of stage craft, dramatic intensity, in certain respects going beyond anything that could be produced on the legitimate stage. If we pick carefully and go with open minds and hearts, trusting the movie people to know at least something about the art they have devoted years to perfect, we will generally find more than we imagine.

More revealing perhaps than going to the movies themselves, is watching the filming now taking place on Point Lobos. Where so much attention is given to detail, devotion to high standards of performance goes without saying. Scenes are taken over and over and over again. The high-brows who presume to pass judgment could not, to save their lives, tell what was wrong with the sets Edwin Carewe takes and retakes. He is with the performers, living and feeling the story, yet, somehow able to see it critically as a whole.

Dolores Del Rio and Roland Drew were rehearsing a short walk up a flowered path with cypresses, the sea and the graceful bulls for background. It was a love scene and the young people were registering their ardent interest in each other. Dolores was very beautiful, Roland Drew convincing with the impetuous warmth of young manhood, but in spite of the beauty and eloquence we watched Carewe. His face beamed, his eyes brightened, every bit of the action was reflected in his mobile features. A false note. His countenance sobered, the spell was broken. The scene had to be retaken.

He gave sympathetic understanding to the actors. When they put it over his face expressed an ecstasy that must have been precious reward to them. When they failed he was disappointed, not impatient or angry. The assistants slipped about unobtrusively, attending to details without having to be told. The organization was well oiled, smooth running.

MONTEREY HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Monterey played three basketball games with Watsonville last Friday night in the Watsonville high school gym. The heavyweight game was won by Monterey 18-15, and the lightweight and midget games were

won by Watsonville. This puts Monterey up as a possible champion of the C. C. A. L.

The championship Inter-P. E. class game was played off last Friday between second and third periods. The third period team, captain, Dorothy Selbicky, won by a score of 12-10. The game was exciting and was watched with great interest by all spectators.

There will be a Girls' Inter-class basketball practice this week.

The annual installation ceremony of the Girls' League, was held Monday, January 21. The candlelight ceremony was used, each retiring

officer lighting and giving a candle to the new officer coming in. The Girls' League pin was awarded to Frances Benson and Harriet Severance. This pin stands for the work done by the girl in the league and in school. The honors were awarded by Dorothy Benson.

ONE AT A TIME

"One at a Time," will be the subject of thought at the worship service in the Community Church, Sunday at eleven. Individuals with problems and troubles are invited to come and receive comfort and courage.

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Highland on sunny side of the Valley
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ACTIVITY is the WORD

in the REAL ESTATE WORLD

CARMEL'S RIVIERA TO RIVAL MEDITERRANEAN

Owing to arrangements recently completed by Warren Gorrell and others, Carmel will become the northern head of a Riviera surpassing its Mediterranean predecessor in natural beauty, if not in the number of Cooke tourists, jazz palaces, canary cottages and Monte Carlos. The latter will be avoided in the entire district if the efforts of these gentlemen are successful. Mr. Gorrell's property begins within a few miles of the present end of the Big Sur road, and follows the coast to the northern end of William Randolph Hearst's acreage, which extends fifty miles. Associated with Mr. Gorrell are his brother-in-law, Frank O. Horton, and Miss Marian Hollins.

"In my travels over the world I have never seen such surpassing beauty of landscape or mildness of climate," said Mr. Gorrell. "Until the new state road is opened the only access to our property is over an old Spanish trail which has probably been in use for hundreds of years. Third generation Spanish families and a few Indians are still living in the country. Some of them make their living by hunting lions for which they collect a state bounty of \$75 for each animal. There is some stock raising, but as the cattle have to be driven over rough trails all the way to King City to be disposed of, it is a difficult undertaking. Pigs have actually been driven across the mountains fifty miles to the nearest market. What few necessities of life reach these people come by pack train over the hills, or occasionally by boat from the sea.

"Rocks rising all the way from boulders on the beach to several

thousand feet form a rugged coast line, surpassing in magnificence anything I have seen in any country. Forests of giant redwoods line the canyons and protected valleys. The country is full of deer and quail, and the creeks are teeming with trout. Sulphur hot springs occur in several places and there are numerous fresh water springs. On the way to our property and many feet above the sea, somebody has built a platform and placed upon it a bathtub, probably landed from some boat.

A trough leading from a hot sulphur spring feeds into it. It is a novel sensation to take a hot bath perched midway between sea and towering cliff, while gazing out over the blue Pacific. A mountainous wall extending southeast and east from the Pfeifer Point projection forms a barrier to protect us from cold winds from the north. The climate is ideal the year round. To the natives there is little perceptible difference between summer and winter.

"My brother-in-law, Frank O. Horton, operates a well known dude ranch, the H. F. bar, at Buffalo, Wyoming, and it is possible he may conduct some kind of a dude ranch here until the property becomes more accessible. The purchase along this coast is the result of months of seeking. After driving six thousand miles looking over ranch properties we had given up the search when Marian Hollins called our attention to this place. We were obliged to go by pack train, camping out at night. The region is rich in traditions. Point Lopez was the home of a famous bandit at one time. For years he eluded all attempts to capture him because of his intimate knowledge of the trailless country surrounding him. The Spanish inhabitants are as cut off from civilization as are the mountaineers of Tennessee. We aim to keep the property in its natural state, but to make it accessible to nature lovers. No bill boards or hot dog stands will be tolerated along our section of the road. And we hope that other owners will cooperate with us in preserving this magnificent coast as a natural playground and home site for outdoor lovers."

Mr. and Mrs. Gorrell are at present occupying a house on North Carmelo while arrangements are being made for the opening up of the Big Creek acreage. Mr. Gor-

rell is the owner of one of the large investment companies in Chicago.

Her Highness the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia who is a cousin of the late Czar, was among those who came from far and near to attend the special Memorial Mass for the late Grand Duke Nicholas who died nine days ago in France. After he service Bishop Alexis of the Russian Orthodox Church gave a reception in honor of Her Highness. Among those present were Prince Pand Princes Krapotkin, Baron and Baroness Boudberg, Admiral Klupfel and Max Panteleieff, the eminent Russian baritone.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY

Saturday was a wild night on Ocean avenue, the gayest the village has seen in years. Local supers employed by the Carewe production of Evangeline had been paid off, and money flowed as freely as water on the avenue. Shop windows were illuminated and several ice cream stands remained open as late as 10:15 p.m., closing only after the last super had spent his last dime. Many ended in the hole, figuring all would be well again Monday when the army of super-numeraries returned to their jobs.

But the plans of mice and men "gang aft aglee." The sun shone its brightest and all seemed well with the world on Monday, until the news of disaster reached Carmel—disaster to innumerable penniless supers, because Edwin Carewe's foot had slipped. In attempting to leap from a wall he had stumbled over a vine, spraining his ankle and breaking two bones.

Even with the aid of crutches and wheel chair it was obvious the director could not attend to the details of guiding even such talented supers as Carmel's through the intricacies of a seventeenth century romance. There was gloom in the village. I O Us sold on the curb at a sharp discount. If the director's disability continues for several days many will be forced into insolvency.

Point Lobos was deserted, except for a dozen bystanders from beyond the peninsula, unacquainted with the double tragedy. At eleven Director Carewe arrived in an automobile. Undaunted by the painful and even serious condition of his foot, he had insisted on appearing to direct the close-ups of his stars. At the automobile entrance to the Evangeline cottage a dozen assistants sprang forward to assist their beloved chief. But Carewe, accomplished actor though he is, seemed incapable of playing the role of invalid. Grabbing a pair of crutches he vaulted athletically over the cushioned wheel chair beside the running board, and hopped on one foot up the walk leading the procession of anxious employees.

Cameras and reflectors were speedily placed and close-ups of Dolores Del Rio at the cottage door, of Roland Drew as Gabriel, and of Evangeline's father. Carewe sat a moment in the invalid chair, but he was up on his foot at the first miscue, directing with vigor. The music played a lively tune, and to show his appreciation the director danced a few steps of a sailor's hornpipe on one foot and two crutches. Seeing that her fiancé could not be forced into the wheel chair again, Dolores curled up in it as gracefully as a cat. Her maid placed a costly fur coat about her shoulders while her mother tucked a steamer rug about her, and the charming movie queen remained in the sun while Carewe looked through the camera, hopped about inspiring the actors with his magnetism, holding the action in the hollow of his hand, moulding it into a thing of dramatic force and beauty.

Let us hope for the plucky director's sake as well as for Carmel's, that the injured member received no set-back because of its owner's indifference to such trifles as broken bones and a sprained ankle. For unless relief to the foot is forthcoming, and that promptly, a ragged band of supers will slink through the streets at night dodging the holders of their I O Us.

HAS MANY ENGAGEMENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO

Max Panteleieff, the distinguished Russian baritone who comes every two weeks to Carmel and Monterey for teaching, has been engaged by the National Broadcasting Radio Corp., to sing a Russian program with the Symphony Orchestra at a "featured" concert to be given on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, February 17th.

This artist is also engaged as Art Director and producer of a special benefit concert and ball to be given in aid of the Russian Club and Russian sick of San Francisco the evening, of February 22nd, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium. The concert will consist of a series of Art Tableaux, with scenery painted by the Russian artist, Gleb Ilyin of San Francisco. Mr. Panteleieff will himself also take part in one or more of the tableaux, as will also his charming and talented wife, Consuelo Cloos. As a producer the baritone has extraordinary talent and ability, having been Art Director and producer as well as singer of a most successful season of Russian Grand Opera in Montreal, previous to his coming here.

On March 2nd, Mr. Panteleieff will be heard as the featured artist at a gala concert to be given by the Russian Institute of San Francisco, and on the afternoon of March 6th, he is engaged to sing a special request program of Russian music for the Century Club of San Francisco. Consuelo Cloos (Mrs. Panteleieff) will also be heard at these events.

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THE MATOOR MIND

By Peggy Palmer

(Social note from Peninsula Daily Herald.)

PEGGY PALMER
ON S. F. PAPER

Miss Alyson Palmer, better known to the reading public as "Peggy" of the Carmel Pine Cone is leaving Carmel to seek pastures new in the big city of San Francisco. Fremont Older of the S. F. "Call," who, in common with the rest of us has read Peggy's "Matoor Mind," and enjoyed her sketches has finally persuaded her to come up and show the city how it's done. Carmel will miss Peggy; her boots and riding trousers, her polo games on the city lot, her exquisite sonnets in the Pine Cone, and her whole sunny personality, but with her goes Carmel's hearty good wishes for lots of success, and fame!

Well yesterday I was having lunch in at Whitney's and these two strange gentlemen in the next booth were talking in loud tones! Of course under Ordinary circumstances I would not dream of listening, but what I heard almost the first sentence made it actually my Duty to listen!

One of these gentlemen sed, Well, Fremont, I came all the way from Europe just to interview this young woman, because I've simply got to get her on my paper, Fremont! I'm

going to offer her a job as a Syndicate Writer at an immense celery! What young woman, Bill? sed the other gentleman, and then Bill sed, Why this girl on the Pine Cone! She's a swell writer, Fremont, and besides being awfully intelligent she's a beautiful Blond!

And at this point Mabel came over and told me who these gentlemen were and of course I was frightfully impressed because they were Mister William Randolph Herst and Mister Fremont Older, Editor of the San Francisco Call or something! So I thought I ought to go right out to Highlands and tell my Ant Croot, in fact I was in such a hurry that I forgot all about paying my bill!

When I got home Ant Croot was playing Bridge with Mrs. Teare and Doctor Gates and Tilly Polak and as soon as I told them about Mister Herst they stopped playing Bridge and looked quite Awed, all except my Ant Croot and she would not look Awed if the Lord Mayor of London came to call! In fact Ant Croot seemed to think it was a funny joke or something and she sed, Oh, My Sacred Umbrella! I don't believe a word of it!

Ha-ha! Sed Tilly Polak. Neether do I!

Well, its true, I sed, and I've been expecting something like this to turn up almost any minit! Because a reely intelligent person can't go on writing clever Articles in the Pine Cone for years and yeers without getting some Recognishon sometime!

The man must be stark staring mad! Sed my Ant Croot. Let's go on with the game, girls. Lets see, — Amelia bid a Spade and Est. er sed two Diamonds! Well, I bid two No-trump!

Ha-ha, sed Tilly Polak, I'll bid four Hearts!

Well, I sed, — I haven't finished telling you about Mister Herst yet! That is I told you how he came all the way from Europe just to offer me this job, but I didn't get to the part about the immense celery! I'm going to write Syndicates or something, Ant Croot, and I expect I'll be making more money than Mister O. O. McIntyre! Because a reely clever Writer ought to make simply Millions, Ant Croot!

The only thing I've seen you write, sed Ant Croot, are letters asking your father for money!

Well, I gess you'll regret that remark, I sed, I gess when I get famous you'll be telling everybody how I am your neece and all!

Oh My Grandmother's Petticoat! Sed Ant Croot, I've never seen such a contrery child! When did you last wash your Neck, Margaret? I declare I've never seen so much dirt on one human neck all at once! Ha-ha, sed Tilly Polak, and at this point I got mad and went back uptown!

First I went over to Mister Wartzman's Typewriting Store and I bought a cute new colored Corona! Because I expect Mister Herst's privit office is quite somber and a pink Typewriter ought to brighten up the atmisfere a lot!

Then I went over to Magnin's and bought some cute new clothes, because a famous newspaper Woman ought to look chick and all, and after that I went in to see Mister Newberry.

Well Mister Newberry, I sed, You certainly have been awfully sweet to me, even if you did not pay me neerly as much as I am worth! But I will never forget the Pine Cone, Mister Newberry, because I will always remember how I got my start working on a dinky little one horse paper!

So you're going to quit! Sed Mister Newberry beaming, Well this IS an unexpected pleasure!

Well, I sed, I hate to leave you to struggle on without me, Mister

Newberry, but as long as Mister Herst came all the way from Europe and everything why I should hate to disappoint him! I'm going to get an immense celery and all I have to do is write Syndicates or something!

Ha, ha, sed Mister Newberry, Why Herst was in here a minit ago looking for a beautiful Blond! He was looking for Frances Montgomery!

Well, I have desided I would hate to be a Syndicate Writer anyway, and I would get awfully sick of being in the limelight all the time and probly this talk about immense celerys is only a lot of Spinach anyway. But I DO wish I hadn't gone and bought that pink Typewriter!

HORSE CLIMBS UP CAR'S RADIATOR

While returning to Carmel from a professional call at the A. M. Allan home at Point Lobos on Monday evening last, the automobile of Dr. C. E. Eddy of this city was badly damaged by a stray horse on the highway near the Oliver ranch. The horse, evidently blinded by the lights on the car, became panicky and plunged upon the top of the radiator, completely wrecking it. The animal was instantly killed. Dr. Eddy was uninjured and he is now riding around in a brand new Studebaker Commander Six.

MRS. CHINN AND MRS. TAYLOR ENTERTAIN

Mrs. Austin B. Chinn and Mrs. Edward Taylor entertained the members of the choir of All Saints church, Carmel, and those who assisted at the last program at the church, at a party in the parish hall on Friday night. The guests played old fashioned games and danced, after which refreshments were served. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, Mrs. Charles Watson, Mrs. Charles Guth, Mrs. Grant Wills, Mrs. Herbert Whiffen, Miss Marjory Pegram, Miss Mary Wheldon, Miss Margery June Smith, Mr. F. O. Robbins, and many others.

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SEASON of MUSIC

at GOLDEN BOUGH

GOOD SPORTS AND MUSICIANS ARE THE LONDON QUARTET

The London String Quartet, the famous chamber music organization, considered by most critics the finest string quartet in the world, which is coming to play here on Friday, February 8, at the Golden Bough, is composed of four of the jolliest and happiest men that you would ever want to meet. They are all "good-fellows", they are all typical Englishmen, all born in London and brought up there. They believe in having a good time and for sixteen years of playing together they have had it.

Each of them is a sportsman and an athlete and each of them holds any number of prizes for their various accomplishments. C. Warwick Evans, the cellist, for example, holds the Musician's Cup in England in golf which he has won three times in succession, a very much prized cup which all the distinguished musicians in England compete for. John Pennington, the first violin is the bridge-fiend of the party and time and again he has walked off with all the bridge prizes that are within reach. Thomas Petre, the second violin, is a great chess player. "Capablanca might be able to show him something," remarks Mr. Pennington, "but Tommy is pretty good." And in this great indoor sport Petre has copied any number of cups and honors. H. Waldo-Warner sticks to his music. He says that is his hobby as well as his profession and he is distinguished for the number of times he has won the W. W. Cobbett prize for the best composition for chamber music written by an Englishman. He has won this prize with one trio, with two "Fantasy for String Quartet" and with several other compositions which he has submitted from time to time when he feels like running away with.

All of them play tennis and swim. They all love the out of doors and whenever they can they spend their summer vacations tramping through the lake regions of the north of England. There they stoutly maintain is the most beautiful country in the world. "It is England and it is home," as Tommy Petre says.

ISONA SEPULVEDA IN SONG RECITAL

By Hal Garrett

We would hesitate to dignify with a review Madam Isona Sepulveda's song recital at the Greene studio last Thursday, were it not for the fact that Carmelites paid a dollar a piece to hear her, and their attendance was brought about by public announcements and recommendation on the part of well known residents active in public affairs.

The spacious studio was well filled with "paying guests." Mary Young-Hunter gave an altogether charming and finished introductory speech, to place the audience in a receptive and sympathetic mood. But the golden promise revealed in her well chosen words was totally unfulfilled by what followed. One is tempted to wonder whether Mrs. Young-Hunter had ever heard the vocalist she so eloquently presented.

It is uncharitable to judge a singer on her rendition of the first number of her program. It takes a little warming up to get the vocal cords in working order, to overcome any stage shyness, and above all to melt the ice in the hearts of the audience. But no matter how ill at ease at the outset, a singer is bound to show something. If only a few crumbs, of the feast she is about to spread before us. Making all due allowances, Madam Sepulveda's "Gebet der Elizabeth"

was a disappointment. Her voice was hard, metallic, with screeches rather than tone for climaxes — disproving what her introducer had to say about a natural manner of singing. But Mrs. Young-Hunter had stated that the soloist could sing quarter and eighth notes, and this statement was amply proved in the Gebet, which the vocalist flatted at least a quarter tone throughout.

"O Lola blanca" of Mascagni done in "lyric tenor" (for Madam Sepulveda boasts a range of five octaves!) might have passed as a vaudeville stunt showing that a woman can sing low. But even considered as such, it could hardly escape the hook on amateur night. There was no resonance, no enjoyable quality, no sustained tone, without which tenor is not tenor, but mere husky bleating.

Throughout the program the audience never once showed enthusiasm. And from the polite but quickly hushed applause, it was evident the one thing they feared most and were determined to avoid, was an encore. This they were successful in escaping. The third number, another so-called "tenor" was less successful than the first. There were a few musical spots in the singer's rendition of "The Hills of Gruzia" by Mednikoff, but their effect was erased before the song ended by nasal, throaty and hard

tones. The vocalist sings with such evident rigidity, it was continually necessary for her to ease her vocal cords by pouring water on them.

We wonder that one with Madam Sepulveda's equipment should attempt Walther's Preisslied. The program announced that she would give it in dramatic tenor. She lumbered into this Wagnerian gem in a hoarse tone (the word "tone" is out of place here), floundering clumsily, at a tempo ridiculously slow. If the singer had any intimation as to the meaning of the music, she gave little evidence of it, nor was there any suggestion of the artist in her "interpretation."

From this point on the audience endured what remained of the program. We saw at least one tortured soul holding her fingers in her ears. Judging by the expressions on the faces about us, many who had paid a dollar to get in would have given five to get out. But politeness held them to the end.

It is possible to look upon Madam Sepulveda's "Nature Music" in two ways. First, as bunk, which would be the musician's prompt pronouncement. But if one is sufficiently arty, he may hypnotize himself into thinking such improvisational meanderings a contribution to music. Freed from the strain of trying to keep on the same pitch with the piano and the heavy responsibility of singing the composer's notes and words, Madam Sepulveda's unaccompanied voice became less hard and more resonant. But to hold that such subconscious blind man's buff can contribute

anything to the composer's craft, would be as absurd as assuming an inexperienced school boy could perform a successful appendicitis operation on his grandmother. At the conclusion of the "Nature Music" section Madam Sepulveda asked if there were any questions. There was a ghastly silence. No, there was no question in the minds of the audience as to the "nature" of what they had been through.

It is to be hoped that Carmelites will not be discouraged in their support of local concerts by the Sepulveda affair. It is also to be hoped that those promoting musical performances in the village, will look a little more carefully into the merits of their soloists before trying to sell them to the public.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LECTURE

A lecture on Christian Science by Cyrus S. Rogers, C. S. of San Francisco, member of the Board of Lec-

tureship of The Mother church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist in Boston, Mass., will be held in the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock on January 27th. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. E. B. H. Lewis has returned from a week's stay in Los Angeles.

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EMIL JANNINGS' "PATRIOT"

Comes to Golden Bough Theatre

THE PATRIOT

Emil Jannings' "Patriot" will be shown at the Theatre of the Golden Bough this Sunday and Monday. This picture depicts the period when Czar Paul the First of Russia gained international fame during the latter part of the eighteenth century, by being murdered. Jannings puts forth his greatest piece of work in this film, he is a marvelous actor and when it is stated that this is his best, there is something really fine to look forward to. Lewis Stone is cast in a role nearly equal to that of Jannings. It is he who wins the sympathy of the audience, as the patriot, also as the man who enjoys the trust of the Czar, Count Pahlen, minister of war. It is stated by those who are in a position to judge, that Lewis Stone is the equal of Jannings in this picture, regardless of the fact that the latter is at his very best.

Ernest Lubitsch, the director, has made a real masterpiece of this story. No lover of superb entertainment should miss "The Patriot," when it is shown at the Golden Bough.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray De Yoe returned last night from Sacramento where Mr. De Yoe has been attending the first session of the legislature.

FRANZ LUDWIG'S MUSICAL DIGEST

By Thomas Vincent Cator

The New York press articles of Arthur Honegger are very interesting, and to this writer his opinions concerning "jazz" are particularly so, and right in line with what I have contended for a number of years.

For the benefit of those who do not know who Honegger is, let me state that he is one of the best known of the very modern composers. He is a great fancier of mechanical contraptions and wrote a symphonic work descriptive of a railroad train which has been played by many orchestras.

The New York interviewers found him a boyish-looking man, level-headed and intelligent in his opinions and unemotional in his expression of them. He is to remain in America three months, conducting various symphony orchestras in productions of his own works and also giving recitals.

Mr. Honegger has recently written a work entitled Rugby, being his impression of football. He played football ever since he was twelve years old, and said that he found beauty in the movement of the football players, "just as, in the past, beauty was found in a bacchanal or other concerted, ordered movement."

Honegger is of stocky build and very athletic looking. He is a young man who is obviously up to date, the reporters found. They stated that there was nothing in any way strange or "musically" about him, and thought it quite natural that he should be interested in sports, locomotives, and such things, and should feel it right and proper to set them, or the emotions aroused by them, to music. The writer is setting down what the New York interviewers had to say. His own opinion is that "machine" imitations in music are on a par with the old time "bravura" salon pieces like De Kontski's "Awakening of the Lion,"—imitative stuff meant to pander to the "circus" order of intelligence. Chopin's "A Maiden's Wish," one of the wispy-washest things ever written by a great composer, is an example of this kind of feeble stuff. Of course Honegger's work has much greater vitality than that. Nevertheless his "machine" music is the poorest thing he does. However, people fall for that stuff because it is spectacular, and Oh, how well old Barnum knew there was "another one born every minute!"

What Honegger has to say about

"jazz" is highly illuminating. He finds that the melodic line used in American "jazz" is not only original but useful. It has been said over and over that "jazz is a matter of rhythm and arrangement, and that its melodic line is banal, uninteresting and unoriginal. Mr. Honegger does not feel so. He says the use of the third on a level line and the plays made around alternating major and minor thirds are important assets to modern music and that he himself has made use of them. (Of course this is nothing more or less than the addition of the whole tone scale into this music in a particularly characteristic way.)

So much for that. As to the orchestration of "jazz," that he also finds important, and he believes that this orchestra color and certain of the rhythmic devices, will live on after "jazz" has ceased to exist or has been developed into a new form. He was asked whether he thought that "Jazz," or any of its elements, could possibly be used in the expression of such sentiments, for instance, as one finds in Trista. His answer was that his own opera, Antigone, was quite a serious dramatic work, as much so as Tristan, and that in one of the most impassioned parts of it the melody is played by alternating the saxophone and saw. He says the players on the saw are being developed abroad to a point which makes the use of this instrument in the orchestra possible.

Another thing that Honegger points out is that all music up to the time of "jazz" was based upon a regular strong down-beat and weak up-beat, and that the displacement of these rhythmic values seems to him to be one of the most important advances in modern music and has come chiefly through the influence of "jazz." The contraction of the rhythms is extremely valuable as an asset to modern thought because modern thought itself is becoming more and more definite, positive, short—in other words, contracted.

Mr. Honegger was asked whether European musicians could either write or play "jazz." He said that in his opinion they certainly could not; that one of the things which rendered it impossible for the European musician to play "jazz" was the fact that he was still under the influence of authority and retained the fixed opinion that whatever was written must be played, whereas, as a matter of fact, "jazz" demands just the opposite treatment and the players must have the instinct to use their own judgment as to interpretation. Europe, of course, has heard American jazz orchestras of the best, and the comparison is not favorable to orchestras of European-born musicians, even though they be highly cultured musicians. Also Mr. Honegger finds that the technic possessed by the average American jazz orchestra player is apparently far superior to anything one finds in Europe in this particular line, the jazz technic differing in many particulars from the technic demanded by ordinary symphonic music. European composers, as everyone knows, have striven to write ragtime and "jazz," but although they have all the tricks of the trade, one discovers that they lack the inmost sentiment of the genuine American article. They are always a few steps behind America, where the advance is so rapid that, by the time Europe has grasped one item of it, that item has become old stuff and has been replaced by something new.

Mr. Honegger seems to have perceived matters with clear and unbiased vision, and is consequently interesting. His success in America should be great. Of course his liking for "machine" music is only one phase of his musical develop-

ment. The fact that he admires American "jazz" shows that he also likes the emotional type of music. For if there is one thing that the best "jazz" is, that one thing can be summed up in the words "highly emotional."

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WHAT THE EDITORS THINK

A FAIRY GODMOTHER

Carmel has a fairy godmother and her name is Grace Velie Harris. Dr. R. A. Kocher discovered her and persuaded her to touch Carmel with her golden wand. Result: La Giralda building, avision of old Spain. The Grace Deere Velie Metabolic Home is rising from the ground. With Dr. Kocher directing, it may bring fame to Carmel of a kind we shall be proud of.

An unknown town in Minnesota became a world celebrity among cities as headquarters of the Mayo Brothers, whose genius placed them a jump ahead of the rest of the world in matters of diagnosis, surgery, medical treatment and hospitals. And all these years they have held their lead. Who knows but Dr. Kocher, given a free hand at the Metabolic Home, may build a national reputation for himself and add to that of Carmel. It is a great opportunity, worthily placed.

Soon the walls of a new Lincoln Inn will be rising, touched by the wand of our godmother, and much else may follow! La Giralda and Lincoln Inn are not mere gifts, but well considered investments, and therein lies their value to the town. Few things react more disastrously than the over-stimulated growth of a city. The bursting of the Miami bubble is an example of how bad it can be.

Carmel's builders are wiser. La Giralda was needed, and has been occupied by tenants from the outset. Lincoln Inn has been a paying proposition ever since Mrs. John Ball, an expert hand at running such institutions, took hold of it. Grace Velie has made possible for these structures the element of beauty, by providing for the employment of high class architects and contractors, and supplying only the best building materials—an added expense that means much to the town, but one the property owner can seldom afford to include in his estimate.

Grace Harris' gift of business buildings are all the more helpful because they are sound investments, which will justify their existence by producing income. But the Metabolic Home is an investment in happiness, to be brought about by the relief of unfortunates who have been unable to find help elsewhere. May we hope it will bring happiness as well to our godmother, whose wand contains as powerful a magic as any ever wielded by the fairies. In a simpler age its touch would have been credited with miraculous potency. But the result would have been the same. In all ages fairy wands and scepters have depended for their power on wealth, command of labor, influence. Fables of the supernatural spring up only after performance. But in the history of legend and fairyland where has there been a godmother whose signature on a piece of paper could bring about more than our good fairy is doing for us! Some day let us hope we may stumble upon a bust in Paradise Park done by Jo Mora, who knows very well how fairy godmothers look.

OLD TREES AND HOUSES

Now-a-days amid the bustle of modern progress our cities are too busy worshipping the false gods of a machine age, to think much about preserving landmarks of the past. Nothing is safe from the des-

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

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PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

MY WINDOWS

By SISTER M. MADELEVA

(From Penelope and Other Poems)

These are my two windows; one
Lets in morning and the sun,
Lets in tranquility and noon,
Lets in all magic and the moon.

One, looking on my garden, shows
Me miracles: a sudden rose,
A poppy's flame, a tulip's cup,
A lily's chalice lifted up.

Wonder-windows! who could guess
The secret of their loveliness?
Beyond transfigured sky and clod
My two windows show me God.

"AND THIS VAST SHADOW NIGHT"

By GLEN WARD DRESBACH

(From Cliff Dwellings)

Around me prowl at night
The things that sleep by day,
But come not near enough for me
To capture or to slay.

The sounds of padded feet
Are on the trails I pass,
And eyes look out like stars that fell
And flame from shadow-grass.

And for each thing that stirs
A greater shadow prowls—
For owl the fox, for fox the lynx,
For mice the taloned owls.

And this vast Shadow, Night,
Where wind in cedar stirs,
Looks down with brightly burning eyes
Upon this land—and purrs!

OUT OF ITALY

By HAROLD VINAL

(In "A Stranger in Heaven")

The pigeons flutter white against St. Mark's,
Peasants in bright shawls pass the golden dome;
Beyond the huddled shops the moon embarks,
Another pilgrim on the road to Rome.
Women with red lips loiter with their men;
Up the piazza Tosca flings a rose;
Under the Bridge of Sighs the tide again
Comes like a whispering ghost, and whispering goes.

Here by the Doge's Palace tales are told:
How once the dagger and the mask appeared,
And the swift vengeance fell, and blood ran cold,
And crafty Shylock muttered in his beard . . .
Always the water eats a crumbling stair,
And Venice laughs her crazy laughter there.

BESET

By EUNICE TIETJENS

(In The Harp)

I am a fire, beating in a storm,
Turning and twisting to keep me warm.
The wind blows and scatters me;
The rain falls and batters me;
The hail comes and shatters me.
But still I burn.
And I turn
This way and that way. I flicker and strive.
I eat my own heart—but I keep alive.

General Comment

troying hand. Milestones of a generation our own might do well to heed, are ignored and destroyed. God Dollar is making a desert of life's garden' to bring about the survival and increase of his metallic children.

Thus we see old things tossed aside, whole neighborhoods rich in memories razed and given over to trade. Even multi-millionaires seem powerless to stay the destruction of the old home on Fifth Avenue, or to defent the Metropolitan Opera House against the cloak and suit industry creeping up Broadway, overflowing all dykes.

In Carmel how different! Ancient trees are left in peace to live out their days on the very spot where they first saw the light. Even in the middle of business streets they continue to spread their branches over the identical places where Indians once paused to gaze upon them. Where Spaniards, and Mexicans gathered. And today they still hold these positions while a strange mad civilization whizzes by like arrows shot from a bow.

And old homes where early Carmelites gathered to dance, to celebrate feast days, to read their plays and poems, to comfort the sick, or to mourn with the bereaved—are still with us. Though several have been removed from lots grown too valuable for mere residences, they have not been destroyed, but tenderly assisted on their way to a final resting place, where they will be permitted to stand undisturbed while their aging timbers support them.

OBNOXIOUS INDUSTRIES

Words and phrases that have no meaning, or whose meaning must be defined by the Supreme Court of the State, seem to be the politicians way out of trouble. After a number of years trial of a zoning ordinance with loopholes of ambiguous words or phrases scattered all through it, we must not accept another with the same fault.

We want "obnoxious industries" eliminated from Carmel, of course. The City Council are all agreed that "obnoxious industries" must be kept beyond the city limits lines. But do we all agree as to what constitute "obnoxious industries"?

No—and let's forget the phrase. In the ordinance, let's have words that mean something. Let's call spades, spades. It will mean some trouble for the city council right now—and some for you and me. But face it now, and have a law that will protect Carmel's future.

Under the present zoning ordinance, tea houses have become full fledged restaurants, single residences have become bungalow courts, and business blocks have become lumber yards, all protests have been met by official statements that the law was indefinite, and legal action would have questionable issue. No home-builder has been safe from the incursions of business, no matter how deeply in the residence zone he planned his house. There have been verbal and written protests before the council, almost at every meeting.

Carmel will not be satisfied with any such toothless law again. We want a zoning ordinance so clear in its every statement of protection that it will not require a legal mind to understand it, or a court to construe it. If this council, for any reason, is planning to dodge behind such in-

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

occuous phrases as "obnoxious industries," the electors will, by the initiative, place a square-cornered, spade-is-a-spade ordinance on the books that will be good English language understandable by the first grade pupils at the Sunset school.

We have been a year and more at the job of getting such an ordinance, and when we hear at the council meeting that the old ordinance, under which a score of infringements have been perpetrated and al-

lowed, is the best that can be had, and needs merely some tinkering—and when we hear such phrases as "obnoxious industries" being seriously discussed—and when we see the evident desire to dodge unpleasantness and trouble which might result from building a hard, firm, fast law—then we say that it is time to take the building of this fundamental safeguard away from the council, and get at the work through a committee of Carmel's citizens.

People Talked About

Tom Fisher, out at the Highlands Inn, was in the 78th Division in the late European unpleasantness, a machine gun man. I was, as I perhaps have mentioned, a Y cookie-peddler in the 77th Division. When I first got to know Tom Fisher, back in 1920 or 21, we used to sit night after night for hours before a fireplace and tell each other our experiences in the war. Talking and listening fairly, fifty-fifty each, we would fight through our battles in amity until the capture of Grandpre came under discussion.

Grandpre was a village at the northern end of the Forest of the Argonne of great importance in the military operations which are now lumped under the name Battle of the Meuse-Argonne. It was the key to the situation, and with its capture, the road to Sedan would be wide open. The Seventy-seventh—my—division is credited by General Pershing with the town's capture, while General Hunter Liggett, and other historians, give the credit to the Seventy-eighth—Tom Fisher's—division.

So there was always discord between us when our talk brought us up to the village of Grandpre. Finally we agreed to leave that small bit of France to the historians of the future to determine, while Tom and I battled amiably over the rest of the front. Grandpre was taboo in our discussions.

Recently a movie outfit built the French-Canadian village of Grandpre on Point Lobos, and Tom Fisher became an extra on the lot. As a British soldier of the time of Evangeline, his military bearing and acting ability soon brought him promotion, and he was made captain, with a really fine small part in the story being screened.

Into my office he stalked the other day. "Perry," he said, "Never mind your General Pershing or the war records. Never mind what you saw or did over in France in 1918. That's all past. I've just attacked with a battalion of red-coats, and I've captured Grandpre."

Gordon Davis, or Professor Gordon Davis as he should be called, I suppose, came down from Stanford University where he is the head of the dramatic department, and called upon old friends in Carmel last week.

1918 dates Gordon Davis so far as Carmel is concerned. He came down from Stanford that summer with Arthur Cyril and Glenn Hughes and worked at the Forest Theater plays. "Yolanda of Cypress" was the Fourth of July event, with "The Piper" as the children's play. Davis was "Cheat-the Devil" in "The Piper."

Then the three boys put on "Charlie's Aunt," that rollicking old farce, which is being presented in Berlin and Vienna these days, so Davis says. It was desecration of the Forest Theater, some people thought, but the audience howled with mirth over the absurd situations, and the lightning comedy work of Cyril and Davis. They'd had a tabloid out on the road in

vaudeville, with the same theme, and knew how to put the farce over.

Davis bought a lot here that year, said he'd have a house on it and live in it some day. He owns it yet. He has just returned from a year of study of the theatre in Europe, and goes back again for six months this fall, salary and expenses paid him. Glenn Hughes—or Professor Glenn Hughes, as we should call him, for he is of the English Department of the University of Washington—is now in Europe on a Guggenheim fellowship, studying theatres there. His book, "The Story of the Theatre," recently published, is having a big sale.

Arthur Cyril, the third of the three musketeers, has just put on "Kempy" at Pacific Grove, and is talking of giving us "The Dover Road" here in Carmel.

We quote from the Saturday Evening Post:

They walked up through Carmel.

"What sort of place is this?" Harrison asked.

An artist's colony.

"I see—an attempt to be content with poverty."

"Pebble Beach is an attempt to be content with wealth."

"Neither's successful. Both are self-conscious and each despises the other. Very amusing."

These two young people, it seems, were not so tolerant of human nature as of its Creator.

"Look at those shops," said Harrison, laughing. "We must be quaint. We simply will be quaint. If anyone kindly tells us how to be quaint, we'll do it, by gosh! Let's walk out to that spooky place they were telling us about at dinner."

They walked on out toward Point Lobos. "We must be back in time for that picnic. They are going to Corral de Tierra."

Point Lobos was as advertised. Grandiose rocky cliffs, tortured trees, caverns and canyons. The spray on the rocks below was fine. There was an ominous feeling under the branches of the ancient cypresses. There were shadowy intimations of mysteries here, inanimate memories of demoniac history, mythological occurrences that had left no myths.

"Let's sit down and rest," she said. "Give me a cigarette."

The story is "They Still Fall in Love," written by Jesse Lynch Williams.

Frank E. Collins and wife are in Carmel for their first visit since they left as bride and groom over a year ago, to vagabond over the country in a unique book shop on wheels, mounted on a Reo truck chassis. They are here partly to look after business interests and to replenish their stock from the First Edition Book Shop owned by Mr. Collins. The couple are visiting Wilma Kroeff, occupying her guest house.

"I never want to be anything but a vagabond," said Mrs. Collins, with

a smile that told how well the life agreed with her. "And just look at my husband! Doesn't he look fine!"

I was glad I could agree with her. He looked every bit as well as the doctors say he really is—entirely recovered from a dangerous gastric illness, all from living out in the open.

"You're sure you didn't take to the road to get away from house-keeping?" I asked her, slyly.

"I should say not!" returned the young woman. "Why, keeping wagon is lots harder than keeping house. The space is so small everything must be kept spick and span and polished every bit of the time. We actually gave dinner parties, and who do you think some of our guests were?"

"I'm poor at guessing. Tell me—" "Count Kalsersling, Irving Berlin and his wife Elinor Mackey, Coleen Moore, Raymond Griffith, Wilson Mizner—"

"No!" I broke out.

"Yes—and they all wrote something in our guest book. Everywhere we went interesting people came to see us—I haven't mentioned half of them."

"Where did you go?" I asked, eagerly, catching the enthusiasm of this happy couple, who seem to have discovered a way of life that is all sunshine. Not a mean achievement, considering their start a year ago depressed with illness and facing uncertainty.

"Palm Springs, then on across the desert," said Mr. Collins. "We went as far east as Colorado, spent some time in Estes Park, then back to Santa Fe where our good friends wouldn't let us leave. We were entertained by the writers' and artists' colony. We were guests of Gerald Cassidy, William Nash and others—"

"Where's the bookshop now?" I inquired.

"We left it in Palm Springs to enjoy the novelty of a railway journey, a thing that would have been suicidal for me a year ago—"

"Weren't you afraid to leave all your valuable first editions behind?"

"Oh, they're all locked up in a safety deposit vault. My 'Life of a Sportsman by Nimrod', original colored plates by Henry Alken is valued at \$800. I have Conrad autographed that sells for \$650. Some of the Oscar Wilde firsts run pretty high, too. We had a fine business year besides having the time of our lives."

"How could you sleep nights with all those priceless books on your shelves?" I asked.

"I put some of them under the bed springs, others under my pillow, and my English bulldog Jiggs proved a good watchman."

"By the way, how is Jiggs?"

"It's a sad tale," said Mrs. Collins, with a patient smile. "Jiggs fell desperately in love with a blond young belle of his own breed named Dixie Maggie. And he moped and whined for her so, we just couldn't stand it. So we turned around and drove back. We bought her from

the owner and added her to the party. Of course we had no idea anything like this could happen—"

"Like what?" I inquired.

"Why, don't you know? Jiggs and Maggie have four puppies. And you know there's a limit to the space in a book wagon, when you consider it has to contain a parlor, bed room and bath, besides kitchen, dining room, laundry—"

"But how many rooms have you!"

"Sixteen, at least," said Mrs. Collins, "and of necessity some of them are a trifle small. In fact when we spend a night in a hotel for a change, we're everlastingly bumping our heads against imaginary walls or stumbling over them where they don't exist. It's like keeping house in a snuff box, but it's great fun, and then the whole outdoors is our living room, and we're both crazy to get back to it—"

"Hold on, I'm not through with you yet," I cried, as the couple

started off up the street to greet friends who were beckoning to them. Mr. Collins turned back goodnaturedly.

"How about your own books?"

"My MS 'The Secret of Alchemy' will appear in book form this fall. Next year I shall follow it with 'Vagabonding with Books,' which will contain besides a record of our travels, accounts of the interesting personalities we've encountered and their reactions to the book shop on wheels."

"What sort of books do folks buy of you?"

"Surprisingly good literature. The movie people and others show a cultivated taste and knowledge of rare books that amazes me. All they expected of us was cheap fiction. But when they see our treasures they hang around and can't seem to see too much. They want to know about our experiences, and some of the film people insisted on taking moving pictures of us—"

The Garrotteer

TEA BOOTLEG IN CARMEL

Shades of the Boston Tea Party! We have it in the blood. We are not lineal descendants of patriots for nothing. It is not surprising that we "act accordingly." When the council passes its zoning ordinance it will be illegal for anyone to sell a cup of tea in the residence district, except of course those already on the ground now. It will not be so easy to oust them. For as yet, though we have plenty of tea-totlers we have no tea Volstead.

"There are no speak-easies in Carmel, and if there were our good citizens would not patronize them—and we have no bad citizens," remarked a reformer. "That kind of bootleg no longer requires our attention. We are free to turn our attention to tea. What is a tea hop, anyhow? If we allow these businesses to operate unhindered in our residence district, before long we'll have all sorts of 'houses' doing business, selling meals, lodgings, and Heaven knows what!"

"Give people a sip and they'll drink a gallon!" interrupted an elderly woman in the back row, irrelevantly.

"Put the tea on the table," cried His Honor, and folks wondered he wanted a drink of tea, or took this means of ending the discussion.

Trimming trees should be left to barbers who understand such things. With a rake for comb and a pair of garden shears any good tonsorial artist could do a job hat would be acceptable to Carmel's most sensitive tree lover. But the council will not tolerate the bungling of amateurs.

When your petition for permission to trim trees is denied, send a barber to the council. Carmel wants its trees to have hair cuts when they need 'em. But they've got to be becoming to the type of tree, and no bobs will be tolerated.

The street light asked for at Fourth and Monte Verde was granted, though there was some confusion as to why it was requested. Was it because the advocates of passable residence lanes for Carmel want us to see how bad a road can become, or do they want to warn pedestrians and autolists away?

A request for a business license is threatened from a man who believes Carmelites should have the kind of automobile best suited to the street he lives on. He recommends caterpillars for sand dunes. A tractor might get up and down Camino Real after a rain. But residents along Ocean Avenue can use any kind of light or heavy car that can climb a hill. The new dealer will keep all kinds in stock.

The Bank of Carmel's \$700,000 deposits in some 2000 accounts, indicate that just about everyone in the village should have a bank account with an average balance of \$300. Hurrah! Let's go out and spend it!

Carmel has some wonderful promoters, capable of selling the town even when they have nothing to sell. We take off our hat to them because their enthusiasm, though sometimes misguided, really is intended for the benefit of the village. We don't want them to be discouraged by the unfortunate Sepulveda affair. Only let them take a little more pains hereafter to assure themselves that what they are promoting has value.

While they're shivering to the tune of twenty-eight degrees below zero in Minnesota, we're working in the garden, pausing every now and then to gaze at the novel sight of snow decked mountain tops in the Carmel Valley.

As a vamp, few flappers can compare with our village. Right and left they fall for Carmel. No one was surprised when Dolores Del Rio was spied in a Carmel real estate office, conferring with a house and lot salesman. Inquiries are flying thick and fast. Homes are said to be wanted by the head technician of the Fox Brothers staff, and others.

Grace Velle Harris has chosen to spread her wings over Carmel, placing the village under her special protection. Willing children we are to such a gracious god mother. Beautiful buildings we owe to her. Inspired by her example other structures are rising in keeping with those she has given us. In a measure we owe her these too. For she has set a standard builders can no longer afford to ignore.

Fremont Older swooped down upon us a few days ago and kidnapped Peggy Palmer for the San Francisco Call, and for her first assignment sent her to interview Helen Wills. We wish William Randolph Hearst would leave the Pine Cone staff alone. Why can't he dig up some writers of his own!

For the first time in the history of the Carmel postoffice, receipts for the year ran ahead of Pacific Grove. A falling off on the part of our neighbor and a gain of twelve per cent for the local office brought this about.

For a Carmelite, being a member of the state legislature has its drawbacks. Ray C. De Yoe arrived in the village after a session at the capitol. "I'm glad to be back," said the assemblyman, with feeling. "The sun did not shine once all the time I was in Sacramento."

SCRIBBLES and SKETCHES

By Monte



Playing a "woman of the fields" in sabots, full petticoat and a loose wig suits Elizabeth Sampson EXCEPT on a windy day in the mud!

EXTRA! EXTRA!

WHO'S WHO AND WHY NOT:

Mr. Jack Boland and his Carmel Extras. The former being manager de luxe of Carmel's movie talent now working on Pt. Lobos (and we mean WORKING!) Whatever his more high sounding titles may be, and we think one of them is—assistant director, he is called a regular fellow by the admiring extras from Carmel: authors, poets, painters, dancers, shopkeepers, now ALL actors!

They are all beginning to call their chief, "Jack". Not taking liberties, just good fellowship. Eddie O'Brien says: "What do you know? This fellow says: 'Please' and 'Thank You' and smiles when he's asked the same question fifty times within five minutes, and believe me we may have 'extra talent' in Car-

mel but the most of us can ask fool questions!"

Marching three blocks down the village street (a windy cliff on Pt. Lobos) in a half foot of mud was fun the first time, less fun the third time and no joke the sixth! The seventh time, the sun shone and it was a "sure shot!"

Viola Worden says she has danced an entire evening and didn't notice it but marching in a parade is another thing, especially if you're dragging a pair of wooden shoes and it's muddy! Even the inspiring sight of two hundred red-coats with real muskets and six sky-blue drums helped not!

Speaking of real muskets Clay Otto says: "I'll say they're real! They weigh as usual, bayonet and all! Wonder why they couldn't have made 'em hollow; what's the

difference in the movies?"

The army didn't know any old English folk songs to sing when they came victoriously marching into the village so they decided on the only thing they all knew: "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow." Wonder if we'll notice it when we see them on the screen.

It doesn't look like our Lobos with an English church of the old meeting house variety, and scores of soft maple trees waving in the



Viola Worden decided to wear furs while playing in Evangeline.

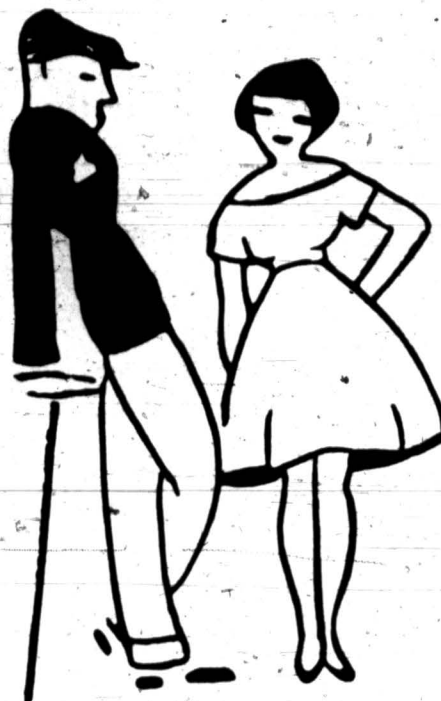
breeze. We almost bowed our head when the venerable old priestly figure came to the church door.

And they say the whole village is to be burned at the grand finale! That's what the script calls for.

Elaine Carter doesn't have to be handed a wig when she passes through the wardrobe tent. She braids her own!

Kelly Clark says he'd go out and

play in the movies if he had to give THEM a dollar a day to let him do it. There are others who think being indistinguishable in a mob is all in the day's work so long as they get their five.



Jack Boland tells Connie Heron if she were a little less intriguing she might make a successful movie star!

Jesse Lynch Williams (jr) says he is fed up on the telegraph business and thinks seriously of learning to be a movie director. "Edwin Carewe has it pretty soft," Lyn says.

Extras had a day off while Mr. Carewe had it "pretty soft" (?) hobbling around on crutches with his foot in a cast. Two bones broken when he slipped off a ladder while directing Sunday. "Not the first time to break my foot," said Mr. Carewe. Yes, this movie directing must be a trifling pastime! An old woman wrapped in costume shawl and hood shivered with the cold: "I'm glad to do 'extra' work for I have three little boys to feed."

Arthur Cyril and his beautiful "Czar" weave in and out of the crowd, casting an expert eye to see that the "extras" are all there.

Carmel "realtors" should fly a few awnings and pennants on "the lot" these days as we know of at least one movie official who says he has decided to buy a home in Carmel.

The efficiency expert was overheard to say that "it's bad to have to burn all these trees in the final scene. Just think what a fine lot of toothpicks we could make from them." "Ya, but you couldn't sell them in Carmel," interposed Eddie O'Brien, "because we don't use them."

SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT: What we would do with all the gate receipts at Pt. Lobos if we had collected them.

There were a lot of red noses at Lobos last Sunday. A movie LOT

of them. Five hundred movie extras drank only iced ozone and what with snow having fallen on the point at six a.m., and a north wind blowing for the rest of the day, the lily-white complexions had no chance to do their stuff. Even Connie Heron looked rosy!

Nancy Clark took off her little white nurse's cap, left off taking sick pulses for a day, hung her hair in braids and did a little Evangelizing.

"I can manage a drawing pen on a cold day but signing my name to a 'talent voucher' after eight cold hours on Pt. Lobos as a movie actress, is almost beyond me," said Rose Campbell, Carmel artist, as she reached for a lead pencil at the pay-master's little red desk.

A Carmel "extra" woman carrying a little child blue with cold, staggered into the dressing tent. The child was placed on a cot and the woman burst into tears. No it was not a movie scene. A child "extra" separated from its mother had been overcome by the cold. Alice de Nair happened on the scene at the proper moment, with a bottle of hot milk, and revived the child. "I want to go back and be in the movies," said the baby when revived. The father arrived in time to detain her.

Mary Ingles, Carmel pianist, after her fifth day in the movies: "I do my finger exercises on the lot to keep my hands warm."

"Where do you sign this?" asked a handsome "extra" referring to the pay-check in his hand.

"We don't! You sign it yourself," was the answer.

"Where?"

"In the lower right hand corner!"

"Here?" indicating the left-hand corner.

"NO. In the lower RIGHT-hand corner. Where it says: SIGN HERE!"

Handsome "extra" grabbed a pencil and flourished in a bold intelligent hand. S. WOOD—and it WAS our own Stanley—just tired out after his hard day's work.

WEEKENDERS: Mr. and Mrs. Lent and little Tal Lent; Mr. and Mrs. Tra and little Miss X Tra. They've hung around the movie lot all this week. This is the first time Miss X has been in Carmel for some time.

Mrs. Myra B. Fassett returned from San Francisco last Sunday evening where she spent the week at her home. Mrs. Fassett was called to the city in regard to her damage suit of \$50,000.00 against Tony Manasso, who crashed into Mr. and Mrs. Fassett's car last August, injuring them both seriously. Mrs. Fassett is still suffering from her injuries.

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Berkeley Police Probe in Carmel

For Evidence Against Barbette

By Perry Newberry

His card read Charles A. Becker, police inspector, detective bureau, Berkeley police department. He looked as though he might be an instructor in the university in his town, but behind horn-rimmed glasses were very keen eyes. I guessed his business with me—Barbette Hamel.

"I have no first-hand information," I answered him, "that can possibly serve you in court. It is twenty years since I knew the girl you call Barbette, and she was a clever, tow headed kid then. What charge have you against her now?"

"Grand theft, which allows considerable latitude of evidence in the trial. We can prove other crimes than the one in direct issue. Barbette has been a swindler for twenty years and more."

"I have no direct knowledge of any crime of hers," I repeated. "She may be all you say, but as a witness I'm a dud. I wouldn't even dare swear that the photographs you have of Barbette Hamel are the girl, Dorothy Rothe. I knew years ago in San Francisco, and here at Carmel."

"Read this." Inspector Becker took from his portfolio a typewritten manuscript and handed it to me. But I did not read it then. My thoughts were back more than a score of years ago, when a fourteen year old Dorothy managed her first large swindle.

The Hotel Oakland had been completed and opened, and the Rothes, Dorothy's mother and her two babies, Dorothy's half-brother and half-sister, came to live in one of the expensive suites. The Rothes had fine clothes, wore wonderful jewelry, brought large trunks and a marvelous double perambulator for the twins.

Dorothy was nurse for the children. Each day, in a cute cap and apron, she took them riding in the beautiful carriage. It was an eminently respectable and solvent appearing ménage, and the hotel met the C. O. D. purchases as they came pouring in to the desk, and was complaisant when its account was met by excuses of delayed remittances. They knew that in the closets and wardrobe trunks of the Rothe suite were gowns and jewelry enough to more than cover the hotel bill. And the layout was so respectable.

Each afternoon, small Dorothy brought the big double perambulator down in the elevator, its contents bundled up in the elderdown robes, wheeled it through the offices and lobby, and out into the streets. "The sweet little babes!" thought the kindly hotel clerk. "And how faithful their nurse!"

But one day, nurse and perambulator failed to return. Dorothy's mother, out somewhere for the afternoon, did not come back to the hotel. Nor the next day—nor the

next. When the management opened the doors of the suite, opened the closets and the big wardrobe trunks, all were empty. Gowns and jewelry, as well as half-brother and half-sister, had departed the hotel in Dorothy's perambulator.

Then I read what Richard V. Hyer of the San Francisco Bulletin had written of the evidence in the recent affairs of Dorothy Rothe, or Barbette Hamel, or Dorothy Gregory, or Dorothy Merrill, or Alicia Homans, or Dorothy Whipple, as she variously calls herself. Hyer names her "Lady Wallingford," after the fictional Get-Rich-Quick man of that name. He says: "The world has been kind to Barbette. Repeatedly it has turned first one cheek then the other. And, curiously enough, the more severe the slapping, the less severe its anger. She has flitted along the ragged edge of the law clad in an enchanted cloak of immunity."

Carmel's artistic folk remember her as the lovely girl who obtained credentials authorizing her to collect funds for the restoration of Carmel Mission, and accuse her of vanishing with thousands of dollars. They complain also of unpaid rent and grocery bills.

So much for Barbette, the girl. Barbette, the woman, accompanied by rumblings of other operations in Southern California, arose, Phoenix-like on San Francisco's horizon. There followed a debacle of frenzied finance, charges and counter-charges that reached their climax in San Francisco courts in 1925.

But Barbette escaped unscathed after months of serio-comic melodrama, which included, among other scenes, a summer's sojourn with her two children in a tent and an impudent defiance of the law. Barbette, sought on a warrant, notified police from a safe distance that she would surrender if someone would guarantee bail. The bail was duly posted.

But all the charges evaporated before a mysterious and powerful influence. The "Lady Wallingford" dropped from sight until in February of last year, when Oakland police discovered that she was the Dorothy Gregory or Dorothy Merrill whom Reno, Nevada, authorities ardently desired on a felony warrant. And once more Barbette eluded the law. Governor C. C. Young denied the extradition.

There followed an interval of peace that presaged the inevitable storm. It broke in November.

Quite by chance, Mrs. Dorothy Whipple, an English gentlewoman who was about to inherit a large fortune which she intended to use for a vast philanthropic enterprise, was identified as Barbette Hammell.

This information and its astounding ramifications were almost too fantastic. The Bulletin decided to investigate, and it is due, in a large part to that investigation that the Hammellian enterprises have been brought to their abrupt halt.

If any were needed, the very recent action of the Alameda county grand jury in returning three indictments against the "Lady Wallingford," and the announcement of Dr. Howard H. Markel, noted bone specialist, that he is seeking another indictment charging embezzlement, would form sufficient justification for The Bulletin's inquiry.

Satisfied that Mrs. Whipple was in reality Barbette, The Bulletin untangled from a snarl of rumors and half truths a skein of coherence in which Barbette appeared to be engaged in two major enterprises.

One of these, a stupendous hospital project, has already been revealed as founded on nothing more stable than Barbette's imagination. The second enterprise appears to

have virtually generic characteristics of fraud and is under sharp scrutiny.

In probing the second scheme, The Bulletin learned that a suave and persuasive gentleman known as Earl T. Jones inveigled a score or more bay district doctors into an investment euphemistically known as the "South American Fibre Products Corporation." It was a project whereby the doctors were to get rich as the financial backers of a Panama hat manufactory in South America.

Jones, it was said, decamped with approximately \$100,000. Two of his alleged victims were Paul Sobotker, Piedmont property holder and former superintendent of the Eastbay plant of the Borden Milk Company, and Dr. Markel, who occupies a University of California chair and is nationally known as an orthopedic specialist.

Sobotker's losses were listed at \$14,000 and Markel's at \$2000. Then Barbette appeared on the scene as a "fellow loser" to the extent of \$40,000. She had a scheme.

Depicting herself as one thoroughly familiar with the whole scoundrelly enterprise (the exact truth of this is of great interest to authorities just now), she convinced Sobotker and Markel that all the losses could be retrieved in one grand gesture could she but finance a trip to New York. The journey, of course, would have to be in the style to which she was accustomed.

Markel and Sobotker financed not only one trip but two, and the expense thereof, it was reported, averaged between \$2500 and \$3000 a month. This constituted major enterprise No. 1, which will be gone into at length later.

Major enterprise No. 2 involved directly only Markel, although its divergent influences have affected many others.

During the negotiations for the first Eastern journey, the charming Mrs. Whipple learned that Dr. Markel was intensely interested in establishing an orthopedic center in San Francisco for California's crippled children.

Assured of the financial backing of prominent San Franciscans, an enterprise was already under way to obtain a ward at Hahnemann Hospital. The enterprise was very dear to the heart of Dr. Markel. He could not conceive in his direct, sincere enthusiasm that anyone who professed to an interest in such humane work could be other than what she represented herself.

So when Mrs. Whipple, in the role of "Lady Bountiful," declared she was arranging for a gift of \$500,000 for the ward, hinting that the magnificent sum was to be a personal donation, Dr. Markel believed her. Other philanthropists engaged in the work received the news with delight.

The plans were revised to include an entire floor of Hahnemann Hospital. The work of remodeling and redecorating and the installation of equipment is virtually complete. Those others who have committed themselves to the charity will now have to bear the brunt of the false promise they accuse Barbette of making.

But that was only the preface. Barbette, according to Dr. Markel's own story, won his confidence in a far grander and more stupendous scheme. This was to be an entire orthopedic hospital known as the California Orthopedic Foundation and costing several millions. Barbette was to subscribe a large sum herself and would solicit the rest—enough to endow the foundation permanently—from her rich friends and among the millionaire motion picture luminaries at Hollywood.

Thus, with a consummate skill which would have won the admiration of a great executive genius, Barbette juggled Major Enterprises

Nos. 1 and 2—the scheme to retrieve the South American investments and the California Orthopedic Foundation—constantly requiring more money, and obtaining it, her donors declare, until the final denouement.

Equipped with a large part of this information, The Bulletin sent a reporter to interview Dr. Markel. Before long Dr. Markel was interviewing the reporter.

He was aghast when he learned the true identity of the woman with whom he had entrusted his fondest dreams. He stared long and incredulously at pictures of Barbette taken during her spectacular 1925 forays; winced when he saw a poster advertising the Reno felony warrant, and was convinced that he had been thoroughly hoodwinked, bamboozled and taken in.

While Dr. Markel was admitting Barbette's Eastern endeavors, so-called, to recover the donations to Earl T. Jones and her organization work in behalf of the California Orthopedic Foundation, the first explosion occurred in Berkeley.

To his chagrin, William R. Burke, Shattuck avenue jeweler, learned through The Bulletin story that the "Mrs. M. C. Wade," who was still using the name of "Whipple" because of her "recent marriage" and who had purchased a \$2750 diamond ring with two \$1000 checks, was Barbette Hammell.

And while Burke was learning that the checks were no good because of insufficient funds, Dr. Markel was trying to validate what he claimed was an assertion by Barbette that there was \$100,000 on deposit in the Hollywood branch of the Los Angeles First National Bank in the name of California Orthopedic Foundation.

The Bulletin decided to extend its investigation in a southerly direction. A reporter was at once dispatched by airplane to Los Angeles.

While the inquiry there and in Hollywood was under way, building the loose ends of rumors and allegations into a semblance of coherence, Burke the jeweler swore to a grand theft warrant. Barbette automatically became a fugitive from justice. There was a great hue and cry. The South American deal, Eastern journeys and hospital promotions temporarily were relegated to the background. But not for long.

In the Bay district Burke's warrant stirred a seething turmoil of interest that was bringing into the open a phalanx of disgruntled firms and individuals destined to make

trouble for the "Lady Wallingford." Meanwhile, Los Angeles and Hollywood police were on the watch.

The next two days led the investigation directly into Hollywood.

The rumor that Barbette was maintaining an expensive suite at the Hotel Roosevelt proved correct. She was registered there as Mrs. M. C. Wade. The supposed husband was identified as Marshal Hobson, who has posed in that role ever since Barbette took him from a wife and two children two years ago. The hotel management completed the identification—gratefully.

There were, it seemed, a \$2000 hotel gownshop bill, a room bill of \$137 and a stranded secretary named Hilga Pearson, plucked by Barbette out of a New York hotel and who was now pining for home and parents in Dubois, Pa.

Dr. Cuthbert Powell and family of Denver, Colorado, will spend six months in their Carmel cottage on North Carmelo. Dr. Powell will return to Denver in a few days, but will join his family here again before the summer.

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THE MILL CREEK AFFAIR

By PERRY NEWBERRY

CHAPTER FOUR.

One drop of blood on the outer side of the library threshold did not mean much to District Attorney Matt Forbes. He said to Roberts, "You're going at this thing on high my friend. Step on the brake, ease yourself into reason. Who knows that Barton Pentworth spilled this Why not his murderer? There was a struggle, evidently, and Pentworth may have wounded him."

"Not a bit of a struggle, not a break of the skin on the murderer," Roberts answered positively. Both men looked at the overturned chair beside the corpse, giving it different evidential value. Then Roberts' eyes turned to Dan Pentworth, sprawled in a big chair before the livingroom fireplace. "Dan," he said, "your uncle was dead when he was brought here."

"He was alive — and well — last night at half past ten." The voice was hoarse, sounding choked and hollow. "That's all I know."

"At the Forest Theater, you mean?" Roberts went to him, while Forbes searched the floor for another drop of blood.

"Yes. He left me in the dressing room at that time, and he was perfectly all right — happy and as usual."

"When did you see him before that?"

"Some time early in the afternoon. I drove in to town, getting there before three. Had a rehearsal at the theatre at three. I left Uncle Bart out here."

"Alone?"

"Sure. We have no servants at the camp. Mrs. Frates from down on the road comes in every morning, cleans up things, and does the cooking for the day. She leaves before noon always."

Roberts made a note of the name. Outside were the sounds of a car arriving, and Forbes opened the door to the sheriff and his party. He had brought the coroner, a doctor, and his fingerprint expert deputy. After introductions, they went into the library, and again closed its door.

"We've been careful not to disturb things," Forbes said. "The room's just as we found it."

"Fine!" applauded the sheriff. "Who killed him?"

"That's to be discovered," said the district attorney, adding, "unless Roberts here knows. He's sprouted some theories."

"Yeah? What's your idea of it, Mr. Roberts?"

"Wait till we hear from your experts—the surgeon and fingerprint man. My maunders will keep."

The doctor had gone to the body, made a brief examination, and reported that death was caused by a bullet through the heart, entering the left breast and passing completely through the body.

"How long dead?" asked Roberts.

"At least twelve hours."

"Not quite that," interrupted Forbes, looking at his watch. "He was alive last night at half past ten. It's only half past eight now."

"Who says he was alive last night?" snapped the surgeon.

"A hundred people will say so. Roberts here for one. He saw him at the Forest Theater show last night."

Roberts nodded to the surgeon's questioning look, and the doctor went at a more searching examination of rigor mortis in the corpse, saying,

"It's never safe to set the exact hour of death by the condition of the body, but I'd have been willing to swear that this had been a corpse longer than ten hours. And been wrong," he added whimsically.

Again Forbes helped along the inquiry. "Roberts says that you'll find the gun that killed him in a

holster over the living room mantle," he said, smiling at the attorney.

"So? Get it, Jack" ordered the sheriff, and the deputy went out. "What makes you know that, Roberts?" His eyes on the city man were alive with suspicion.

"I'm merely guessing."

"An amateur Sherlock Holmes, eh?"

"A criminal attorney in San Francisco practice," answered Roberts, lightly. "Also a man with an unusually good alibi. I played poker all last night with the district attorney, sheriff."

Matt Forbes laughed and the sheriff grunted. Jack came in with the gun still in its leather case. Sitting at the table, he took it from the holster carefully. "A forty-five Colts army," he said. "How about the puncture, Doc?"

"A forty-five bullet would answer the bill."

"Or a forty-four, or a forty-one?"

"Not a forty-one calibre, no. I wouldn't state positively before an autopsy that a forty-five did the job but the bullet wasn't smaller than a forty-four, certainly. Has that gun been shot recently?"

"Yes. Shot and reloaded. And cleaned." He was dusting it for fingerprints. After blowing the powder away, he added, "Cleaned good, too. With alcohol, I'd guess. Not a fingerprint on it but my own."

"Suspicious that," from the sheriff. The other men nodded, only Roberts adding,

"But not evidence."

"If I had the bullet that killed, I'd maybe find evidence in the bore of this Colts," said Jack. "Anyone looked for it?"

"I have," Forbes offered. "No bullet mark in walls, floor or ceiling. Besides, Roberts says that the body was carried here from some place else where the murder was done."

"How d'ya get that, Roberts?" The sheriff was hostile again.

"Ask the surgeon. How about blood, Doctor. Enough for a heart wound?"

"There is not. The clothing is soaked, but there'd be a pool under the body if he had been shot here. I'd have seen that in another minute or two."

"And here's a drop that was spilled when the body was carried in," Forbes was showman of Roberts' sagacity now, and led to the door which he opened, pointing down. "Caught by the bright eye of Roberts," he gave proper credit.

"Look's like you're right about the murder being done outside, Roberts," the sheriff assented. "Probably in the car on his way out here from the Forest Theater. Who brought him home?"

Roberts only shook his head, and Matt Forbes answered. "We don't know that, Sheriff."

"Anybody looked at his car?"

"Two of them in the garage. No, we haven't got that far yet."

"Come along, Jack. We'll take a look-see." The sheriff stopped at the outer door. "Better hunt through Pentworth's papers, Matt," he suggested.

There were a dozen cars parked in the yard now, their people discussing the affair and waiting for word from the investigators within. They milled around the sheriff and his deputy, asking a hundred questions, to which he barked the briefest responses. At the opened door of the garage, he warned the crowd to keep back, and with Jack made a careful examination of touring car and sedan.

Without result, so far as evidence of any crime having been commit-

ted in them was concerned. Both cars were in fine condition, spick and span, gassed for travel, but no drop of blood or hole of bullet in either. As the two officers went back to the house, Dustin stepped to the sheriff's side, and spoke to him asking for an audience.

"Who are you then?" queried the officer.

"A friend of Barton Pentworth's, with some knowledge of this affair that may be of value."

"Come inside."

There was no question but that Dustin was deeply affected by the tragedy at the camp. A serious man, past the prime of life, he showed in his manner and demeanor that the shock of the death of his friend had terribly upset him. Although the body had been removed to a bedroom by the coroner and the doctor, Dustin's eyes roamed around the library with dread of what they might find there. It was Roberts who spoke first after the door closed upon the group's entrance. He questioned,

"You'll want Dan Pentworth to hear what you have to tell, Dustin."

"Yes—why, yes." Then, "How did you know it concerned Dan Pentworth?"

"Never mind. With your permission, Sheriff—" he opened the door again. "Come in here, Dan," he called.

(Continued next week)

New Pickwick Schedules Out

Pickwick Stages and other transit lines operating to Monterey have announced changes in schedules for departures from this community. The new list of departures follows:

For San Francisco via Watsonville and Santa Cruz: 8 a.m., 1:10 p.m. and 4:45 p.m.

For Salinas, San Francisco, Los Angeles and intermediate points: 8:30 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 1:10 p.m., 3:30 p.m., and 5:50 p.m.

For Fresno and San Joaquin Valley: 8:30 a.m. and 3:30 p.m.

De Yoe Assigned To 8 Committees

R. C. De Yoe, newly elected assemblyman from the Monterey-San Benito county district, has been assigned to serve on eight committees of the lower house of the State legislature it was learned today. De Yoe will act on the county government, conservation, live stock and dairies, irrigation, claims, libraries, military affairs and pensions committees of the assembly.

CARMEL REAL ESTATE ACTIVE

The Edith Griffin Home on Mission near the point has been purchased by Miss Myra L. Palache,

a musician of note, who intends to make it her home for most of the year. The sale was negotiated by the Carmel Realty company. Miss Palache is a niece of Whitney Palache, owner of Carmel water front property. Among the many who are already negotiating rentals for next summer is George W. Nickels, prominently identified with Miller & Lux Incorporated, who has leased the home of Mrs. John Ball for four months beginning June first.

Realtors report many deals pending and announcements will be made as soon as final papers are signed. R. A. Atthowe & Co. are moving their office to the Golden Bough on Ocean avenue, and will occupy space in the Chinese Art store.

WILL VOYAGE NOW IN BRAND NEW YACHT

"The Temptress," celebrated 100-foot yacht has been sold by John Gilbert, motion picture star, to S. F. B. Morse, president of Californians Incorporated and of the Del Monte Properties company. It was revealed today. Gilbert recently expended \$100,000 to entirely rebuild and refit this magnificent two-masted schooner.

Morse plans a journey to the South Seas in his new boat in March. "The Temptress" is equipped with an auxiliary Atlas-Imperial Diesel engine, and has an ocean cruising radius of 2500 miles.

The interior of the schooner is marvelously furnished, with three master staterooms, de luxe dining saloon, shower baths and all the comforts to be found aboard the finest yachts in the world.

Gilbert christened her "The Temptress" and named the two smaller boats she carries—a power boat and sailing dingy—the "Harpy" and the "Vampire" respectively.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Stephens, who spent the holidays at their former home in New Orleans, arrived in Carmel last night.

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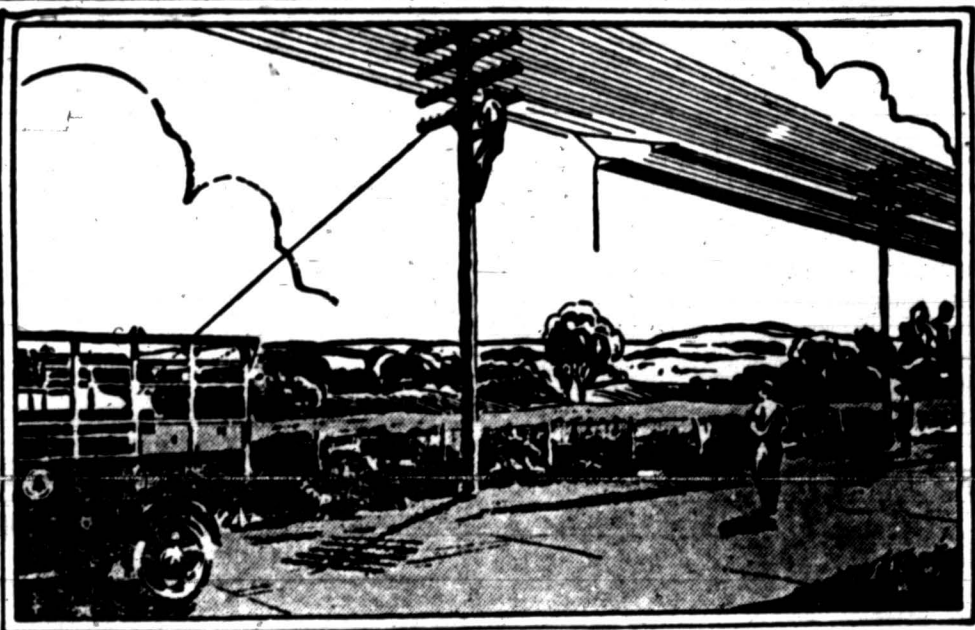
HAL BRAGG SAYS—

The success of Pacific Grove High School athletics is going to depend to a large degree on the enthusiasm which the student body puts behind Coach Easterbrook and Miss Bettie Martin. Hal is not saying that the boys and girls of the Grove are not behind their athletic directors, heart and soul, for he believes they are as a whole. But if there are a few dissenters, a few loafers, a few half hearted souls, around anywhere, the student body must get 'em together and boost that kind of loyalty in their hearts which will last to thrill them at the mention of the name P.G.H.S. when they are many years older. That sort of thing, builds athletics, and makes them worth while, says Hal.

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Sunday afternoon last at four o'clock at the home of the bride in San Francisco. The Reverend H. S. Felix of the German Lutheran church of San Francisco officiated at the ceremony. The bride, who has been a frequent visitor in Carmel for the past four years, comes from a pioneer family in San Francisco. The groom is a well known business man in this city. The couple plan to make their home here.

FATHER OF MRS. HOPPER PASSES AWAY IN CITY

Mrs. Mattie Hopper, wife of James Hopper, Carmel writer, was called to San Francisco last week by the death of her father, James A. Leonard of that city. Mr. Leonard was an old time San Franciscan, and at the time of his death was seventy-nine years of age. He was born in Dallas, Texas. He was a well known builder and architect around the bay cities. He founded the firm of Leonard & Holt. The deceased is survived by his widow, Annie E. Leonard, a son, George L. Leonard, president of the firm of Leonard & Holt, two daughters, Mrs. Frank J. Morse of San Francisco and Mrs. Hopper.

JORDAN WILL TELL OF EUROPEAN TRIP

A meeting of the Carmel Woman's club will be held at Pine Inn on Friday evening, February 1st, at eight o'clock. Mr. John B. Jordan will talk on his recent European trip. The club cordially invites the members of the C. P. T. A. and the International League for peace and freedom to attend the meeting.

ALL SAINTS CHOIR ENTERTAINER

Mrs. Austin B. Chinn was hostess on last Friday evening to the members of All Saints choir, the Car-

mel orchestra and to the ladies of the Wimaudasis Club, who so kindly repeated the play "The Aunt from California" recently for the benefit of the church. During the evening games were played, stories were told and light refreshments were served. The affair was held in the Parish hall and about thirty people were present.

DE NEALE MORGAN DOES COVER DESIGN

The cover design "Monterey Cypress" for the April number of the motor magazine "Touring Topics", is the work of M. De Neale Morgan. In the Santa Cruz art exhibit, from February first to February fifteenth, inclusive, Miss Morgan will have two local scene canvases on display.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEETING WEDNESDAY

There was a most interesting meeting of the Federated Missionary society of Carmel Wednesday at the All Saints parish house, Carmel at two thirty. Mrs. Louis Slevin spoke on the work being done by the Roman Catholic church on the peninsula. Mrs. Rose De Yoe sketched the founding and subsequent history of the Episcopal mission, Carmel, and Mrs. Lillie Hansen discussed the work of the Community church. Miss Margaret White told about the founding and work of the society, a subject on which she is well qualified to speak, having been one of the most prominent workers in that field. At the close of the program tea was served.

CRILEYS ARE HIKING THROUGH EUROPE

Word has been received in Carmel that Theodore M. Criley and family are on a hiking trip through Europe. On the trip they will visit Las Palmas, Canary Islands, Morocco and Spain. Criley is sketching along the road and his sons Richard and Theodore are studying architecture. They expect to be away some months.

BERGDORFF TALKS TO SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN

"The Drama of a Tree," was the subject of a talk given at a drama tea at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco on Monday of this week. The talk was illustrated by crayon sketches done by the speaker and well known Pebble Beach artist, Ferdinand Bergdorff. Mr. Bergdorff is a member of the California Society of Etchers. Guests of honor at the affair were May Robson, the actress, Josephine Beach, founder of the Italian-American Arts Company of New York City, and other prominent stage figures.

About People

Miss Josephine Culbertson and Miss Ida A. Johnson entertained with bridge at their home on Lincoln and Seventh on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Horace H. Tinker of New York City and Miss M. Curtis of Pasadena were the guests who played.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wolters are occupying their recently completed residence on Junipero street, near Ocean avenue. Mr. Wolters has plans for an attractive garden to surround the home.

The regular monthly social gathering of the Carmel Masonic club and invited guests was held at the club rooms on Tuesday evening last. A short special program consisting of two violin solos by Mrs. A. C. Smith and two songs by Mr. Vic Bane preceded a humorous-serious talk on "South America" by Mr. G. H. Hanes. About thirty people were present. William T. Kibbler presided.

Mr. A. J. Beller, who recently purchased the "Lorikeet" cottage in North Carmel has returned from a week spent in San Francisco with friends. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Dassow of that city returned with him and will remain over the week-end as his guests.

The new signs calling attention to the traffic time limits on Dolores street are expected in a few days. When the signs are erected the ordinance will go into effect.

Mrs. W. F. Nichols of San Antonio and Eighth is entertaining her brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith of St. Louis, Missouri, for a month. Mrs. Smith was the former Miss Mary Eames of that city. Mrs. Nichols will also have as guest for a few days, Mrs. S. B. Welch of Berkeley.

Mrs. Maude Arndt has returned from a month's visit in Hollywood.

Mrs. A. L. Cunningham, who has been visiting the Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Kochs at their home on the Point for the past week, has returned to her home in San Luis Obispo.

Preston W. Search, following an interruption by sickness, will next meet the Carmelans in Seminar study, Tuesday evening, January 29. Subject, "The Brownings in Florence."

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Stone, who have been in the south for a year or more, have returned to their home at Carmel Highlands. Mr. Stone plans to move to Carmel the Visual Education Foundation of which he is director, making Carmel its headquarters.

An interesting visitor in Carmel for the week-end was Sheridan Bickers, well known British newspaper man and lecturer. Mr. Bickers was one of the founders of the English Speaking union, an editor of Vanity Fair, and has written several successful plays as well as books and essays.

Mr. J. S. Jenks and Miss Elizabeth Jenks came down from San Francisco to spend the week-end with

Mrs. Janks at Pine Inn. Mr. James K. Mills, who spent last week in San Francisco, has returned to Carmel.



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THE VILLAGE NEWS-REEL



Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Reuter, who have been spending the past three months in Carmel, are motoring back to their home in Lexington, Kentucky. They expect to be about two or three weeks on the road. They hope to return here for another stay this summer.

Mrs. Earle Moore and small son Kenneth Earle from Oakland will arrive on Sunday to spend a week with Mrs. Moore's mother, Mrs. David Nixon. While here, they will also be the guests of Miss Mary Young at her home on North Mission street for a few days.

Miss Ethel Young spent last weekend with friends in San Francisco.

James Sutton, since 1891 recorder of the Faculties of the University of California, passed away at his home in Berkeley last week. Mr. Sutton was the brother of Mrs. Harry S. Nye of Carmel. Three brothers and three sisters survive him. The deceased was a charter member of the Philosophical Union.

Mrs. Nana Dickie and daughter Miss Marjorie, who have been spending a week at Pine Inn, have returned to their home in San Mateo. Mrs. Dickie is a relative of Miss E. A. McLean of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Ross McKee are arriving this evening from New York City to spend a week with Mr. McKee's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. McKee. While here they will stop at Pine Inn. On their return trip to New York, they will sail from San Francisco on the steamship Virginia via the Panama Canal.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sullivan and her mother, Mrs. G. Brooks, have returned from a two weeks' visit with friends in Los Angeles.

Miss Anne Nash gave a tea last Thursday at Sally's for Miss Helen and Miss Margaret Hamilton of Carmel Highlands and Miss Dorothy Bassett.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kleinschmidt and daughter Maryland of Boise City, Idaho, are spending the winter with Mr. Kleinschmidt's sisters, the Misses Bertha and Ellen Kleinschmidt of Junipero and Eleventh streets.

Miss Amy Wells and Miss Grace Cargill had their motor trip through Southern California interrupted by an attack of the flu, but are recovering and have continued on to old Mexico City, where they will spend some time.

Mrs. William Pierce Johnson of San Francisco and her family have been here for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schaffner of Chicago have taken the Winslow cottage on Dolores street for a month or two. Mrs. Schaffner is better known to Carmel as the former Miss Eliot Boke.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Criley of Carmel Highlands sailed this week for an extended stay in Europe. They will be gone for about a year and a half.

Mrs. C. D. Parker and her two daughters, Misses Elizabeth and Mary, of Kansas City, who spent some time here last year, are in Carmel for a short stay.

Mrs. W. O. Swain and Miss Katherine Cooke, who have been in

Santa Barbara for several days, returned to Carmel on Tuesday.

Gordon Davis, well known for his work in the dramatic department at Stanford, arrives this week for a short stay in Carmel.

Mrs. E. G. Walton has as her guest Mrs. Vernon Smith of Berkeley.

Mrs. Winifred Young and her daughter, Miss Charlotte, of Carmel Highlands, have gone to southern California for a short stay.

Miss Alberte Spratt, the well known painter, who has been in New York for several weeks, returned this week to Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bathen, have as their guest Miss Leonora Williamson of Marysville, who will be with them for two weeks or so.

Mrs. John S. Ball and her son, George, who have been in San Francisco for several days, returned to Carmel last night.

Miss Grace Alexander has as her guests Mrs. George Dierking of Portland, Oregon, and Miss Esther Jeffers of San Francisco, who are spending a few days here en route by motor to Los Angeles.

Wallace Gilbert, who is general stage director for the Henry Duffy players, is spending a few days in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lewis of Portland, Oregon, are in Carmel for a short stay.

Mrs. C. P. Henderson of Berkeley, who has been spending a week in Carmel, has returned to her home.

Another Oregonian who is making a stay in Carmel is Mr. Louis Burke, who plans to be here indefinitely.

Mrs. M. L. Hamlin has as her guest her sister, Mrs. W. D. Bevan of Berkeley, who will be here for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland W. White of Cleveland and their son are at Pine Inn for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Delmer Call of Los Gatos are in their cottage on San Antonio street for the week end.

Mrs. Robert Stanton has come up from Pasadena to spend a few days in Carmel.

Mrs. Ethel Pickler Young left Saturday for the east, where she was summoned by the illness of her father.

Mr. Joseph Schaffner left on Saturday for his home in Chicago. Mrs. Schaffner will be here for several weeks, until her mother, Mrs. Grace Boke is recovered from her illness.

Madame Ann Dare has as her guest Mrs. Katharine Phillips Edson of San Francisco. Mrs. Edson is well known as a social service worker.

Miss Pauline Ensminger spent the week end in Lodi with her parents. Miss Ensminger is associated with the Carmel Realty Co.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Stephens who spent the holidays in New Orleans will arrive in Carmel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea are spending a week or so in San Francisco where they have been seeing something of Mrs. Albert Rhys Williams, who is making her home there. Mr. Williams, who has been on an extended lecture tour in the East will return to this coast about the first of February.

MEMBERS OF FACULTY GIVE CHARMING AFFAIR

In the private dining room of Pine Inn at Carmel, the members of the faculty of the Monterey union high school entertained at a dinner given last night welcoming Miss Ellen Jane Smith, who has only recently

become one of the faculty.

The attractive dining room of the hotel was effectively decorated in yellow and red, tall red tapers casting a soft glow over the pretty scene. Wayne Edwards, toastmaster, presented Mr. J. H. Graves and Mr. E. R. Morehead, who in turn spoke a few words of welcome, Miss Smith graciously replying by thanking them for the courtesy which had been shown her.

One of the most delightful features of the evening and one which provoked much fun was the reading of an original poem by Roy Frisbee, which brought in the name of each member of the faculty.

At the conclusion of the dinner, bridge was enjoyed for the rest of the evening, favors for high scores being awarded to Mrs. A. C. Norwood and Mr. Glen Watson.

Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames J. H. Graves, Wayne Edwards, Harold Youngman, J. G. Darling, E. R. Morehead, R. K. Abercrombie, Roy Frisbie, Harold Mosher; Mesdames A. C. Norwood, C. E. Chakurian; Misses Ellen Jane Smith, Harriet Baker, Anne Norwood, Frances Burpee, Helen Chakurian, Loraine Giguere, Tyne Poy-sky, Mabel Hoffman, Edna Hoffman, Hattie Reed; Messrs. Forest Peifer and Glen Watson.

CHARMING SUPPER PARTY IN CARMEL

Miss Eunice Gray entertained a group of friends at an Italian supper on Wednesday night at her home on Carmelo street, Carmel. The affair was in honor of Mrs. James Grey who leaves on the first of February for an extended trip abroad. Those present included Mrs. Jessamine Rockwell, Mrs. Mable Turner, Miss Ruth Huntington, Mrs. Leach, Miss Claudine Chase and Miss Isabel Waterman.

MOVIE FOLK ATTEND FILM IN CARMEL

At Thursday night's showing of "The Man Who Laughs" a number of the Edwin Carewe company now making a film on Point Lobos were present, thus relieving popular doubt as to whether movie folk ever attended motion pictures. Miss Del Rio, star of the film being made there, was in the party, as was the director, Edwin Carewe, Wally Fox, Donald Reid and several others. They all spoke highly of this dramatization of Victor Hugo's story, thus also destroying any ideas about professional jealousy.

BRIDGE SECTION MEETINGS POSTPONED

The meeting of the bridge section of the Carmel Woman's club which was scheduled for tomorrow afternoon has been postponed for two weeks owing to the illness of the chairman of the section. The meeting place and date of the next meeting will be announced later.

DELIGHTFUL TEA IN CARMEL

Mr. and Mrs. Vasia Anikieff entertained a group of friends at tea yesterday afternoon at their home on Mission street, Carmel, in honor of Miss Harriet Wilson of San Francisco who is their guest for a few days. Those present included Dr. and Mrs. Carol Aronovici, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Shand, Mrs. Pauline Schindler, and Miss Margery Smith.

MISS POLAK ENTERTAINS FOR ARONOVICIS

Miss Tilly Polak entertained a group of friends on Saturday night in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Carol Aronovici, who spent the week end in Carmel. A most delightful evening was spent with music and conversation, those present including Mr. and Mrs. Roger Sturtevant, Lieut. and Mrs. C. S. Babcock, Mrs. Pauline Schindler, Dr. Amelia Gates, Miss Dene Denny, Miss Hazel Watrous, Mrs. Dora Hagemeyer and Martin Johnson.

FILMING OF POEM ATTRACTS MANY

Every day a continuous stream of motor cars may be seen going and coming from Point Lobos, where Edwin Carewe has a company of moving picture players filming "Evangeline," the immortal poem of the beloved Longfellow. Dolores Del Rio has the title role, and local interest is high in this very interesting work, literally hundreds of people daily watching this chapter of early American history being depicted before the clicking cameras.

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on

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The First Church of Christ, Scientist,
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Sunday afternoon, January 27, at three o'clock
at the Theatre of the Golden Bough
Carmel, California

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Oretonne samples at half
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Old English Chest,
Satin-wood inlay,
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**FOR INFORMATION
AS TO
PROPERTY
IN AND ABOUT CARMEL
ADDRESS
CARMEL DEVELOPMENT
COMPANY**

LETTERS TO THE DEAD

"We send fifty letters a week to the Dead Letter Office in Washington," said Stella L. Vincent, Carmel's postmistress, "and I used to feel awfully bad about it, and did everything possible to locate the addressees, sometimes with surprising results."

"Tell me about them," asked the reporter of the Pine Cone.

"Well, it happened that the various forwarding addresses of a certain Mr. Brown who had lived here some years ago, all at once failed to reach him. And I asked an acquaintance of his if he knew where he was.

"Probably in Graceland by this time," he answered.

"What state?" I inquired, for I hadn't been postmistress very long then.

"Illinois," he answered, I thought with a wink, but I ignored it. I took my job pretty seriously in those days.

"So I sent off a bundle of first class mail that had been accumulating. After a while it all came back in an envelope printed 'Graceland Cemetery Company.' A letter enclosed ran as follows:

"Dear Madam Postmistress: While it is not the policy of this company to attempt to deliver messages to those occupying lots on the premises, still we might be inclined to make an exception in the case of important mail, if it were not for the expense of opening up a grave that has been sealed, tamped down, sodded and planted

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Phone Carmel 2

MISCELLANEOUS

LOST—Black and tan Police Dog, 9 months old, very shy, no collar. P. O. Box 1212, Carmel. Liberal reward.

TAKE CARE of children. Girl, 16, desires to care for children. Address P. O. Box 706, Carmel.

PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT—Expert confidential attention given private and commercial accounts. Income Tax. Box 151, Carmel.

CARMEL SERVICE BUREAU & EMPLOYMENT AGENCY. Public Stenographer. Rooms listed. Ruth Higby, NE cor. Monte Verde and 7th. Phone 665-W.

WANTED—Convalescent boarders by a practical nurse in a nice private home. Sunny rooms, modern conveniences, new house, reasonable rates. Call at Wayside Lodge, 922 Hellam St., Monterey, Calif.

SEWING—Expert alterations. Old frocks remodeled. We also turn out smart new gowns, reline and shorten coats, etc., and make drapes and curtains at the Myra B. Shop, opp. the Post Office. Tel. 66-J.

February 23, 1891

Rule 10 and paragraphs 2, 3 and 4 of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910 (39 L. D. 39), and Rule 9 and first paragraph of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910, as amended October 15, 1919 (47 L. D. 257).

United States Land Office at Sacramento, State of California. To whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that the State of California has filed in this office its School Indemnity Land Selection No. 4035, Serial No. 023604, applying to select as indemnity the following described tracts of land, to wit: Lot 7 and NW 1-4 of SE 1-4 of Section 17 and Lot 6 of Sec. 20, Tp. 17 S., R. 1 E., M. D. Meridian. A copy of said list by descriptive subdivisions has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection of persons interested and the public generally.

During the five weeks period of publication of this notice, or any time thereafter, and before final approval and certification, this office will receive protests or contests as to any of the tracts applied for, and transmit the same to the General Land Office.

Dated, Sacramento, California, December 18, 1928.

EDWARD C. JENNINGS,
Acting Register.

Date of first publication, Jan. 4, 1929.

Date of last publication, Feb. 1, 1929.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Republication

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Sacramento,
Calif.

Jan. 8, 1929.

NOTICE is hereby given that Henry J. Porter, of Box 292, Monterey, Calif., who on Nov. 30, 1923, made stockraising homestead entry, No. 018154, for S 1-2 SW 1-4 Sec. 26, Lots 3, 4, NW 1-4, N 1-2 SW 1-4 Sec. 35, and on Jan. 8, 1924, made Add'l. stock raising hd. entry 018179 for Lots 5, 6, 11 and 12 Sec. 35, All in Township 17-S, Range 2-E, M. D. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before U. S. Commissioner, at Monterey, California, on the 18th day of February, 1929.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Della S. McFadden, of Monterey,

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. C. E. HEDDY—Licensed Chiropractic and Naturopathic Physician. Hours: 1 to 5:30 p.m. and Saturdays and Sundays and Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings by appointment only. Please phone for your evening appointments before 5:30 p.m. Residence calls should be arranged for as early as possible in the forenoon. Emergency calls at all hours. Phone 105. Dolores Apartments, beside Post Office, Carmel, Calif.

F. E. CORWIN, M. D., D. O.—Specializing in Osteopathic work. Opp. All Saints Church, Monte Verde St. 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Phone Carmel 712. No charge made for consultation.

MINNA BERGER

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DR. NELLIE M. GRAMER—Osteopath, Work Bldg., Monterey. Office Phone Monterey 179. Res. Phone Monterey 610.

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DR. C. L. FAGAN

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Telephone Building, Carmel
Office Hours
10 to 12 A.M.—1 to 3 P.M.
Telephone 440

Calif.
Charles F. McFadden, of Monterey, Calif.

Henry Barnes, of Salinas, Calif.
Steve Sheldon, of Monterey, Calif.

JOHN C. ING,

Register.

Date of 1st publication Jan. 18, 1929.
Date of last publication Feb. 15, 1929.

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Justice's Court of Monterey Township, County of Monterey, State of California.

C. H. HANSEN and O. Thiel, Plaintiffs, vs. Charles Abbott, doing business under the firm name and style of "The Charles," Defendant. The people of the State of California send greeting to: Charles Abbott, doing business under the firm name and style of "The Charles," defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear before me at my office, at Colton Hall, at Monterey, in said Township and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Justice's Court of Monterey Township, County of Monterey, State of California, within five days after the service on you of this summons — if it is served within the city and county, township or city in which this action is brought; but within ten days if it is served out of said township or city but in the county in which the action is brought, and within twenty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer as above required the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or they will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint. Given under my hand this 8th day of November, 1928.

RAY BAUGH,

Justice of the Peace of said
Township.

Stas W. Mack, Attorney for plaintiff.

Date of first publication Nov. 30, 1928.

Date of last publication January 25, 1929.

THE PINE CONE
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING
RATE PER LINE

Count five average words to line. Minimum charge 50 cents. Single insertion, 10c per line. One insertion each week for six months, 8c per line. One insertion each week for one year, 6c per line. (No advertisement accepted for less than two lines.)

CHURCH NOTICES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

CARMEL

North Monte Verde Street

Sunday Service.....11:00 a.m.
Sunday School.....9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 1 to 5 p.m. Friday, 7 to 9 p.m.
Closed holidays.

MONTEREY

Cor. Pearl and Houston Sts.

(Adjoining R. L. Stevenson House)
Sunday Service.....11:00 a.m.
Sunday School.....9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed holidays.

PACIFIC GROVE

Fountain and Central Aves.

Sunday Service.....11:00 a.m.
Sunday School.....9:45 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed holidays.
All are invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

All Saints
Episcopal Church

Monte Verde St., south of
Ocean Ave.

Rev. Austin Chinn, Rector

Sunday Services

8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
9:45 a.m.—Sunday School.
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Sermon.

All are cordially invited

Old Mission

San Carlos de Borromeo

Masses at 8:00 and
10:10 a.m.

Unity Hall

THE HIGHER THOUGHT

Sunday—11 a.m.

Speaker—Ida Mansfield Wilson

Wednesday night subject:
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The Community Church
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Co.

Phone Carmel 321

TIME TABLE

Lv. Carmel for Monterey	Lv. Monterey for Carmel	Lv. Carmel for Monterey	Lv. Monterey for Carmel
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
8:20	12:45	8:45	1:30
9:30	2:30	10:30	3:45
11:00	5:00	12:00	5:15
.....	6:00	6:30

with raspberry bushes. While we regret our inability to comply with your wishes, still we trust you will be successful through other sources in getting in touch with the late Ebenzer Brown. We beg to remain, etc."

"After that," declared Miss Vincent, "we make no bones of sending everything improperly addressed direct to the Dead Letter Office."

CARMEL LAND CO. BARGAINS

Three fine lots on Carmel Point (121x110), for quick sale, \$2500.

Forty acres on new State Highway beyond Big Sur, close to ocean. Redwoods, running stream, waterfall. The only thing of its kind on the coast. Price reasonable.

Furnished house on two lots, North Casanova street, \$2200.

Ten lots near Forest Theatre (200x200) at less than one-half price of property on adjoining block.

Three bedroom house on six lots (200x120) \$5300.

New Stucco house, three bedrooms, two baths, electrically equipped, first class construction throughout; \$10,000, terms.

Small stucco house, new, close in. \$4500.

Hutton Fields properties remain the best buy on the Monterey Peninsula.

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FOR SALE

FOR SALE or trade for Monterey Co. property six lots as a whole or singly in North Palo Alto, immediately adjoining Palo Alto. All City conveniences. Address owner, 379 University Ave., Palo Alto, Calif.

NOTICE OF SELECTION UNDER
SECTIONS 2275 AND 2276, U. S.
REVISED STATUTES

As Amended by Act of Congress
February 23, 1891

Rule 10 and paragraphs 2, 3 and 4 of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910 (39 L. D. 39), and Rule 9 and first paragraph of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910, as amended October 15, 1919 (47 L. D. 257).

United States Land Office at Sacramento, State of California. To Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that the State of California has filed in this office its School Indemnity Land Selection, No. 4038, Serial No. 023781, applying to select as indemnity the following described tracts of land, to wit: NE 1-4 of NW 1-4, Sec. 28, Tp. 17 S., R. 1 E., M. D. Meridian.

A copy of said list by descriptive subdivisions has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection of persons interested and the public generally.

During the five weeks period of publication of this notice, or any time thereafter, and before final approval and certification, this office will receive protests or contests as to any of the tracts applied for, and transmit the same to the General Land Office.

Dated, Sacramento, California, December 27, 1928.

JOHN C. ING,

Register.

Date of first publication Jan. 4, 1929.

Date of last publication Feb. 1, 1929.

NOTICE OF SELECTION UNDER
SECTIONS 2275 AND 2276, U. S.
REVISED STATUTES

As Amended by Act of Congress

ZONING ORDINANCE SESSION of COUNCIL PROVES A DUD

The adjourned meeting of the city council, called especially to consider the zoning ordinance last Tuesday night, was a "dud." So far as anything resulting from the months of study by the officials and their legal advisor was concerned, the long delay might as well never have been.

City Attorney Campbell had thrown away his efforts at drafting a bulwark for Carmel's residential liberties, and had gone back to the old ordinance, which he now stated

was, with some definitions and amendments, a fine piece of ordinance construction. Nor did he want the glory of correcting its defects. His attitude seemed to be that it is the council's job to determine what shall be the contents of its laws, his to so frame those intentions that they will be in proper legal form to stand, if need be, the test of the courts.

"That is my personal opinion," was a frequent phrase of the city attorney, after volunteering a suggestion as to what the purpose of the ordinance should be. It was not for him to attempt to dictate to the law-makers of the city. That they would have liked to have him dictate their ordinance was as evident. A "goat" was needed here. Campbell refused to be that animal.

So the zoning ordinance, Carmel's fundamental law, is right where it has been for a long, long time. Another special session will try to get farther the night of January 29.

To soften the disappointment of the interested audience, perhaps, another matter of great interest to Carmel was given initiation. The acquisition of the Monterey County Water Works system by a utility district comprising the three cities of Monterey, Pacific Grove and Carmel, and probably including outside areas served by the company was indicated as a possibility of the not far distant future.

At the suggestion of City Attorney Argyll Campbell an invitation was ordered to be extended to the city councils of Monterey and Pacific Grove for a joint meeting, to be arranged by Mayor Ross E. Bonham, at which the subject is to be given consideration. Councilman John B. Jordan offered the motion to this effect and also tendered the use of his hotel as a meeting place, should that prove acceptable.

Campbell stated that data compiled in the course of the water rate hearings last year was still available in his office files, containing full and up to date information on the water system. Appraisal of the system in connection with the hearings resulted in widely divergent valuations, the company's engineer urging evaluation on the basis of reproduction cost at the sum of \$2,164,000, and placing the amount of original cost at \$1,422,407, while engineers for the railroad commission, by various computations, fixed the valuation at \$1,384,588, at \$1,303,952, and at \$1,352,256, according to the basis used.

Hence it is likely that considerable discussion will precede any definite steps toward acquisition of the properties.

Regulation of radio interference, zoning ordinances, building codes, and city planning were some of the other subjects touched upon at last night's meeting.

Mae Harris Anson presented a petition signed by a lengthy list of radio set owners asking relief from interference which Mrs. Anson said was definitely known to be caused by a "violet ray" machine. That use of proper insulating devices would correct the trouble, and that an ordinance should be passed to compel their installation, was the contention. City Attorney Campbell was directed to communicate with other cities and find out what could be done.

Mrs. Dora Hagemeyer precipitated the debate on zoning by a letter protesting a plan of Mrs. E. P. Young to move an apartment house upon a lot adjoining the former's library. The new site would allow a portion of the apartment building to project from the building zone into the residential zone, it was stated. The matter was referred to the planning commission.

Another petition from M. J. Murphy, was then read, asking permission to replace the Cochran barn on Mission street with a two-story building, to be used for the machinery storage, carpenter and cabinet shops now situated at Ninth avenue and Monte Verde; it was also asked

that permission be given to erect a fence around lots 1-18 of block 48 on Junipero street for use as a lumber yard.

The city attorney then raised the general question of zoning ordinance violations and said that no prosecution for past alleged violations in the case of Murphy has been attempted because it had been hoped that a final and complete settlement of the difficulty could be worked out which would be fair and satisfactory to all parties. He suggested that the planning commission be asked to take the matter up at once.

Perry Newberry reminded the council that merely moving an objectionable business from one location to another would not solve the problem but simply relieve one section of town at the expense of another.

Later in the evening the subject as revived when Campbell was asked to report progress on the drafting of a new zoning ordinance which would be adapted to Carmel's immediate needs and could be effectively applied to prevent further buses. The city attorney announced his opinion that the present ordinance, with some slight modification, was probably better suited than any new one that could be prepared. Definition of terms, clarification of certain obscure portions, elimination of a few points on which constitutionality might be contested, and addition of sections covering area restrictions as to set-back lines would suffice, he said. It was finally decided that this course be adopted.

A. L. Pawley, Pacific Grove building inspector, addressed the council, on the subject of building codes, advising against any attempt to originate a code but urging adoption of a modified building code already in use in some other city. Copies of the Santa Barbara code, upon which that of Pacific Grove is based, will be obtained and studied for adaptation to use by the city of Carmel.

In behalf of City Engineer Howard Severance, Campbell presented a diagram of the San Carlos street improvement assessment district. It was accepted but City Clerk Saidee Van Brouwer was instructed to write a letter to the city engineer asking thorough inspection of work done on the street and correction of certain alleged defects, prior to formal acceptance in the name of the city.

A letter from the Carmel Parent-Teacher association was read, in which it was stated that no financial aid was now needed in connection with the community Christmas celebration. At the previous meeting a contribution of \$50 had been requested and the council had asked detailed data on the expenditures involved in the celebration. This information was contained in the letter read last night. The city clerk was instructed to reply with a note of congratulation upon the success of the undertaking.

Another attempt to fill the membership of the city planning commission was threatened by Mayor Bonham as the final act last evening, but after some discussion he consented to defer action until January 29, when a special meeting will be devoted to the problem. In the meantime the city attorney was directed to secure full information on the new city planning act which is now up before the legislature, to replace the 1927 act, in order that action taken January 29 may be in accordance with the latest and best ideas on the subject.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

INVESTIGATE—Exceptional Buy. An auto service station doing good business in auto row, Monterey. Phone J. Phillips, 521 Carmel, before 11 a.m. or after 6 p.m.

LOST—About Jan. 14 — Sealskin Scarf about 10 in. wide, 2 yds. long. Lined with purple. Reward. Leave at Pine Cone office.

REFINED young lady with good car desires position, experienced in clerical work and typing. Good personality with sales ability. References. Phone 2099 W or address Box 723, Monterey.

THE IDEAL CARMEL HOME

If you think you'd prefer a stucco house with a marine view, don't answer this advertisement. But if you want the type of construction best suited to the Carmel climate, located in the warmest section of the village, you'll be interested. This is a seven room furnished home with a lovely mountain view. The grounds are large and covered with marvelous oaks which afford perfect seclusion. I offer this place at a large reduction on the appraised value. Phone the owner, Carmel 625R.—Adv.

Dog Pound

Monterey, Pacific Grove and Carmel animal shelter and boarding kennels

David and Lotta Aves. New Monterey

Phone 1608 before Noon

W. M. Walch, Attendant Monterey S. P. C. A.

Safety, silence and simplicity are features of the new Ford six-brake system



ONE of the first things you will notice when you drive the new Ford is the quick, effective, silent action of its six-brake system.

This system gives you the highest degree of safety and reliability because the four-wheel service brakes and the separate emergency or parking brakes are all of the mechanical, internal expanding type, with braking surfaces fully enclosed for protection against mud, water, sand, etc.

The many advantages of this type of braking system have long been recognized. They are brought to you in the new Ford through a series of mechanical improvements embodying much that is new in design and manufacture. A particularly unique feature is the simple way by which a special drum has been constructed to permit the use of two sets of internal brakes on the rear wheels.

A further improvement in braking performance is effected by the self-centering feature of the four-wheel brakes—an exclusive Ford development. Through

this construction, the entire surface of the shoe is brought in steady, uniform contact with the drum the instant you press your foot on the brake pedal. This prevents screeching and howling and makes the Ford brakes unusually silent in operation.

Another feature of the Ford brakes is the ease of adjustment.

The four-wheel brakes are adjusted by turning a screw conveniently located on the outside of each brake plate. This screw is so notched that all four brakes can be set alike simply by listening to the "clicks."

The emergency or parking brakes on the new Ford require little attention. However, should they need adjustment at any time, consult your Ford dealer for prompt, courteous, and economical service. He works under close factory supervision and he has been specially trained and equipped to help you get the greatest possible use from your car over the longest period of time at a minimum of trouble and expense.



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